

*The Eve of Catholic Emancipation.*¹

THOUGH Catholic Emancipation was so much debated in its day, though allusions to it are so frequent, its history has till now been notoriously dark and entangled. No important epoch of English Catholic history stood in so great need of cautious and scientific exploration. Too far off to be reached by going backwards through the recollections of our elders, it was also too near to have been invaded by the bulk of our historians, who begin as a rule with earlier times. The difficulties in the way of passing a balanced judgment were here more than usually numerous. Almost all famous controversies are here found in full activity, political and national conflicts between Whig and Tory, English and Irish, the classes and the masses. There were also clerical squabbles on a large scale between Seculars and Regulars, between rival Bishops and opposing Hierarchies, which engendered heat past bearing and contradictions innumerable.

At last, however, in Mgr. Ward's volumes, we have the whole subject clearly delineated. We can now distinguish the main stream of events from the confusing cross-currents, which arose when the course changed its direction, or passed between fresh obstacles. Round these and against them we see the waters rush and break in anger and confusion, scattering their foam high and far. But on all this we can now gaze in peace, without any dread of vertigo or of being sucked into the boiling rapids. We can quite enjoy what is fine and noble in each side, without becoming adversaries of either; we can condemn what we disapprove of, without danger of giving offence. Our debt to Mgr. Ward's just, scholarly and singularly impartial history, which gives us all these advantages, is not to be satisfied by a passing phrase. But before we endeavour to express our gratitude more articulately, it

¹ *The Eve of Catholic Emancipation, 1803—1829.* By Mgr. Bernard Ward, President of St. Edmund's College. Vol. I. (1911) 1802—1812. Vol. II. (1911) 1812—1820. Vol. III. (1913) 1820—1829. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

will be well to sum up some of his results. Indeed, this is by itself a real acknowledgment of our indebtedness to him.

To begin with, we can now clearly distinguish (as has been indicated above) between the central movement towards Emancipation, and the important side-issues which circle round the ever interesting names of Milner and Poynter, the "Jesuit Question," and the like. We also see that the main subject is really far more interesting and instructive than any of the fierce fighting over the details.

Moreover we see that the whole of that burning and prolonged controversy between the two English Catholic parties was, broadly considered, entirely unavailing, and passed away, leaving Emancipation as far off as ever. It is, however, in its own way and for us English Catholics, a matter of prime importance and deep personal interest, and could not be explained without giving to it that full, calm, detailed treatment, which we find in Mgr. Ward's volumes. In regard to the sentiments of the English Catholics it could not reasonably have been dismissed in less space. But it is an admirable corrective to our inborn tendency to take sides, to remember that both parties were equally wrong in thinking that anything considerable depended on their projects or on those of their adversaries. All proposals, all compromises (and the policy both of Milner and of Poynter was that of compromise in different degrees)—failed utterly when it met the stolid, utterly inflexible obstinacy of anti-Catholic prejudice. Not of course that no result whatever followed from so much action. There was the educative effect on their own party of enormous value, and, as we have said, saner minds among Protestants were converted to the Catholic cause in very large numbers. They frequently, perhaps generally, commanded a majority in the Commons. But against the prejudices of the Upper House, and of good King George and his polite son, all reason was unavailing. Nothing could serve but political constraint. And if we are hereupon inclined to say severe things about British obstinacy, we must also remember that it was British obstinacy (aided by grace, of course) which had carried the English Catholics in the past through trials unparalleled for length, deceitfulness and severity.

This being so, we may, and in practice we had far better, consider the two conflicts quite separately, and we begin with the fight for Emancipation, though it did not come to a climax until most of the actors in the Milner-Poynter controversy were in their graves.

The Emancipation Movement, then, began with the First Relief Act of 1778, which terminated a persecution period of some two and a half centuries. This Relief was a mere palliative. By taking a certain test oath, the operation of various penal statutes was suspended for the Catholic, though they still remained on the statute book, and so could more easily have been revived if desired. Mgr. Ward does not, perhaps, sufficiently emphasize this piece of characteristic British niggardliness. The laws, which condemned the Catholic to be hanged, drawn and quartered, though rendered for the while inoperative by the Relief and Emancipation Acts, were not for all that repealed. To satisfy prejudice they were retained on the statute book, as we say, till 1844, so incorrigibly retentive is English Protestantism of every weapon, however dishonourable, against Popery.

The First Relief Act of 1778 was followed by that of 1791, while the Irish, who had won their First Relief Act in 1774, received with another Relief Bill in 1792, the germ of Emancipation, for they then obtained the Parliamentary Suffrage, though in their then state of entire subjection to the landlord, there was no prospect of their using it except at his bidding. At the time of the Act of Union, 1798, Pitt contemplated Catholic Emancipation as part of his great scheme. But King George interfered, the ministry fell, and when Pitt returned to office in 1805, he refused to continue his previous policy, for the King, as was known later, had pledged him not to do so.

The English Catholic Petition for Emancipation was then entrusted to the Whigs, and for nearly half a century afterwards the Catholics became, as a rule, Whigs in politics. During this time there were addresses and debates in both Houses almost every year, and excellent speeches were frequently made by Fox, Grattan, Coxe Hippisley, Lord Donoughmore, Sir Francis Burdett, Canning, and others. It was really remarkable what talent and eloquence these debates elicited, and how well they were received by Parliament. Bills or Resolutions in favour of Emancipation passed the Lower House in 1812, 1821, 1822, 1823, 1825, 1828, only to be rejected in the Lords, though the Resolution of 1812 was only lost by a single vote.

But not only were the Lords inflexible, the Crown was reputed to be, and no doubt was, more dogged still. There was no real progress made towards overcoming their pig-

headed obstinacy until O'Connell had educated the Irish voters to use the power already in their hands. Nowadays, of course, it seems astounding that while the Catholics had the remedy, the only remedy, in their own hands, and that for a whole generation, it should never have occurred to anyone either to suggest or to deprecate its use,—neither to the English or Irish Catholic Boards, nor to the Bishops of both countries, nor to any of those able men of all parties, who were wearing out their lives in fruitless endeavours to find a way out of the *impasse*; not even to the Protestant alarmists, who day after day found fresh mare's nests and new bogeys in every corner.

When at last O'Connell made the experiment with such success, it engendered a fury of excitement in Ireland, which convinced even the Tories and the Monarch that they must yield. The infantry of the British army at that day numbered but 30,000 men, and of these no less than 25,000 were sent over to police Ireland, though their presence, of course, rather added to than allayed the excitement, which was the really formidable symptom. If the people were driven hard when in that state, they would act in masses and with a united spirit which could not be checked.

The Conservative leaders gave way, but so far was the bigotry of England at large from being mollified, that when Sir Robert Peel asked for re-election at the University of Oxford, he was ignominiously rejected. When the leader of the House asked for re-election on taking office during a grave crisis, and that from electors who were of his own party, it might well seem an occasion on which that party would have rallied round him. But he was defeated by his own followers, and it is very interesting to find that Newman, then, however, as he says of himself, only "beginning to come out of his shell," was hot in the cause of his rejection, though not for fanatical reasons. "We have achieved a glorious victory," he wrote to his sister when it was over. "It is the first public event I have been concerned in, and I thank God from my heart both for my cause and its success."¹

¹ Anne Mozley, *Letters of John Henry Newman* (1891), vol. i. pp. 199—208. Newman, at first, says he had "no opinion about the Catholic question," and thought "its passing one of the signs of the times, of the encroachment of Philosophism and Indifferentism on the Church." (p. 199). Afterwards, he explains, "It is carried by indifference, and by hostility to the Church. . . . All things being considered, I am clearly in principle an anti-Catholic, and if I do not oppose Emancipation, it is only because I do not think it expedient, perhaps

Peel nevertheless managed to get back to Parliament, though with strange difficulty, and passed Emancipation. It was upon the whole a broad statesmanlike measure, far superior to the pettifogging proposals that had been suggested before, clogged as they were with all sorts of forced concessions from the Catholics. There was indeed still a disagreeable oath prescribed for certain office-holders, but though objectionable, it could be taken without serious breach of principle, and this remained in force till 1873. But the Veto and the *Exequatur* were abandoned. Peel would not, indeed, concede that they would be "vexatiously or capriciously used to the prejudice of the Church, as has been apprehended by Roman Catholics." He concluded, however, by saying: "We willingly relinquish a security from which no real benefit will arise, but which might after all that has passed, detract from the grace and favour of the measures of relief." On the other hand, he increased the restrictions on the clergy and the religious Orders, which restrictions have not yet been repealed, though an attempt to do so was made by Mr. Watson in 1846. Religious Orders, Mr. Peel explained, were not essential to the Church, so that Catholics could not complain that they were grievously penalised by the new regulations. Whether this was a reflection of the late quarrel with the Jesuits does not appear.¹

Now that we have seen how Emancipation was eventually won, we are in a much better position for turning back and taking stock of the debates between the earlier promoters of the measure. It will, moreover, be readily recognized that rivalries of some sort were hardly to be avoided, when we remember that, though Emancipation began by being an English Catholic question, it became in the end a predominantly Irish Catholic question. At the time the Irish were passing ahead of the English, and taking the lead, who can help seeing that some friction between the representatives of the two parties was morally sure to arise? But a sum-

possible, so to do. . . . That Emancipation is necessary now, I think pretty clear, because the intelligence of the country will have it. Almost all who have weight by their talent or station prefer, of the alternatives left to us, concession, to an Irish war," &c., &c. Pusey and Denison were strong for concessions beforehand. *Ibid.* pp. 206, 207. February 8 to March 29, 1829.

¹ Hansard, 1829, vol. xx., pp. 775, 1439, 1523; vol. xxi. pp. 563-566. Mgr. Ward's conjecture as to the origin of these anti-religious clauses, vol. iii. p. 258, does not seem to be supported by Peel's words, which however bear out the contention of Father Plowden and others, that the Jesuits were hitherto in no worse position before the law than any other Catholics.

mary description of the course of the debate will also afford the best opportunity for showing the motives and objects of either party.

Catholic domestic difficulties, as to the best means of winning Emancipation, began with the preparations made by the Catholic Committee in the year 1788 to prepare the ground for the desired measure. The members of that Committee, though men of evident good will, were laymen unacquainted with the innumerable pitfalls which beset those who desire to settle the much disputed border between the claims of the Church and of the State. Their *Blue Books* and their formularies, especially that concerning "Protesting Catholic Dissenters," gave rise to angry debates, already handled in Mgr. Ward's *Catholic Revival, 1781 to 1803*.

This agitation died down to some extent after the passing of Mr. Mitford's Bill of 1791. But Charles Butler, who was secretary to the "Cisalpine Club," remained as the legal adviser of his party for the whole period down to the actual passing of the Emancipation Act, which he, almost alone, of its original promoters, lived to see. But with all his good will, he never fully eliminated the Gallican tendencies in which his mind was formed. He remains a source of trouble all through our period. The chief upholders of orthodoxy against the Gallicanizing spirit of the Cisalpines had been Bishops Walmesley, Gibson and Douglass, with Dr. Milner and Father Charles Plowden as their ablest advocates with the pen.

After the Relief Bill of 1791 came ten years of comparative peace, but, with the renewal of strenuous efforts to obtain complete Emancipation, the divergence between the men of different schools of thought again made itself felt. The most debated proposal was whether the Protestant Government should be permitted a "Veto" on candidates proposed as Bishops.

If the worst came to the worst, such a Veto might no doubt have been admitted. But was it true that the position of Catholics was so utterly unbearable, that to improve it they might barter away a religious liberty, the loss of which would be extremely dangerous even at the best? Again, supposing the surrender might be made under fair conditions, was the English Protestant Government so superior to anti-Catholic prejudice, so high above party influence, as to be safely entrusted with power in this delicate matter? These

doubts led inevitably to a great variety of opinions, according as one trusted the English Government, and governing classes, or thought highly of the prospective power of the Irish Catholics; for at first, as we have seen, their weight in politics was but a slight and indeterminate quantity. Nobody on either side *wanted* to give the Government the right of Veto, but according as these doubts waxed and waned, each side prepared themselves for the sacrifice.

During the years 1808 to 1810, the Irish (united to England in legislation since 1800), began to take a greater and greater share in the Emancipation question, and as they did so, the whole state of that question changed. They brought in increased vigour to the Catholic confederacy, and also increased doubt as to the trustworthiness of the English Government, or governing class, which was notoriously less fair to the Irish than to the English Catholics. Hence the memorable changes on the Veto question. In 1808 Bishop Milner advocated the Veto (as a matter of last resort *bien entendu*), but on going to Ireland, and becoming acquainted with the strength of the Irish Catholics, he changed his opinion in 1809, and in 1810, when the subject of the Veto again came up for discussion, he took a very decided stand against it. These were changes indeed, but they were necessitated by consistency to principle. The principle was that Emancipation must be won on the best terms available, and by loyal co-operation with the Catholic majority.

But however praiseworthy Milner's principle, we cannot wonder at his changes of plan occasioning considerable heartburnings in the English Catholic body, and unfortunately the Vicars Apostolic themselves took sides against him. The matter came to a head in connection with the celebrated "Fifth Resolution." This had been drawn up by Lord Grey in terms which, he hoped, all would be able to subscribe. In his first draft he had included the Veto, but when the English Catholic lay-delegates represented that objections might be raised to signing an actual request for the Veto, he took out that clause, and inserted in its place a wide but indeterminate promise—that the subscribers would accept "*any arrangement*" whereby "adequate provision for the maintenance of the civil and religious establishments of this kingdom may be made consistently with the strictest adherence on their part to the tenets and discipline of the Roman Catholic Religion."¹

¹ Ward, vol. i. p. 113.

Those who had full faith in the English officials felt clear in their minds that the signatories were in these circumstances not subscribing to the Veto. Those who were suspicious felt equally sure that the Veto was covertly included; and they pointed to the letter of Lord Grenville, the Prime Minister, and the speech of Lord Grey¹ (who had worded the Resolution), both of whom immediately declared that they always regarded the Veto as essential, whatever the Catholics might think!

Not only did Milner differ strongly, not to say loudly, from Dr. Poynter and his party over this, but the Irish Bishops took Milner's side with emphasis. They warmly blamed the English Vicars for betraying the cause, who, on their side, relying on the letter of the formula, as vehemently denied their responsibility. The quarrel that ensued lasted on till near the close of the lives of the two chief combatants. Milner and Poynter did not meet again in friendship till 1825; and many the sore blow that was given on either side during those long years.

It does not do credit to Dr. Milner that he used "The Fifth Resolution" as one of his war-cries, for in itself it was indeterminate. Its meaning depended entirely on the party-spirit with which it was understood. This is one of the reasons why the struggle lasted so long.

Milner moreover injured his cause by the vehemence of his denunciations, which, though not more extreme than the language in vogue among politicians of that day, was not becoming the dignity of his high office: he apologized for this, however, later on in generous terms. He also, it must be owned, wrote and published far too many polemics, and he interfered unwarrantably sometimes in the affairs of other districts. This last point I will return to immediately, but first I must answer a question, which will no doubt have arisen ere this in the minds of my readers.

"What can have kept the Pope," it will be asked, "from intervening in this struggle? What could be more natural than to send a special envoy from Rome to inquire on the spot into the troubles that had arisen, or, if that were not feasible, why not summon both sides to Rome?"

This question touches a most important point. Under ordinary circumstances some such step would have been taken

¹ *Ibid.* pp. 134—137. The text and precise meaning of Lord Grey's speech have, however, been disputed.

at once. But, alas! at the time of which we are writing no such measure was possible. The Pope was a prisoner in exile, practically impotent to govern the Church. What wonder if there were interferences, if differences tended to increase, and quarrels to become permanent, when the judge, that should decide, is unable to act. In any age, our own not excluded, a similar catastrophe at the centre of government would be almost sure to be followed by equally insoluble controversies, for we know that contentions are sure to arise in every age.

Even to the end of our period Papal Government had not returned to its normal course. The disturbing influence then was quite unusual. The English Government had, during the prolonged French war, shown the Pope a very remarkable series of good offices. After that we cannot much wonder at unusual favour being shown to Dr. Poynter, a *persona grata* to Government, while less deference than might have been expected was shown to the Irish Bishops and to Dr. Milner. All open strife, however, ceased, and discipline was reasserted as soon as the Pope recovered his liberty.

Not only was discipline then re-established, but Milner received a stiff reprimand for his strong letters to the *Orthodox Journal*, with a threat of removal from his post if he wrote again. This gave the more cause for reflection in that he had not been called upon for any explanations, and had given up writing in it several months before.¹ Hence it is a matter of considerable importance to know whether the note really represented the free and mature judgment of Propaganda, or whether its secretary may not in this have been acting under influences which hardly command our respect. Certain it is, on the one hand, that Mr., afterwards Dr.,² Gradwell, Bishop Poynter's vigorous agent in Rome, had asked for the interference of English Government, in a letter to Sir John Coxe Hippisley, October 18, 1819,³ and it will be well to quote the passage:

I do not conceive that Lord Castlereagh would wish to see the peace of the country further disturbed than it is at present, by

¹ Ward, ii. pp. 186—188 and 341—345.

² Mgr. Ward, vol. iii. p. 199, believes that this degree was given by the Pope *proprio motu*; but Gradwell himself wrote to Butler, August 10, 1821. "I then asked for the Doctorate for myself, which was also granted." (MS. at Farm Street). Bishop Poynter had asked the favour before, March 4, 1820, but Gradwell then had reasons to decline.

³ MS. English College, Rome, *Letters and Memorials*, p. 169; the second paragraph is taken from the second draft, *ibid.* of the same letter.

the addition of Milnerian and Jesuitical dissensions to those of the Huntites and Radicals. But this I am sure of, that if his Lordship in his frequent correspondence with Cardinal Consalvi were to say a few words to his Eminence in disapprobation of those measures, my work would be extremely easy to put a stop to them.

I have not the honour to be known personally to Lord Castle-reagh: otherwise I should be inclined to address a few lines to his Lordship . . . But this I must leave to Dr. Poynter¹ and you.

Again it is also certain that the letter of admonition sent from Propaganda was despatched in accordance with directions given by Cardinal Consalvi.² The question is inevitable, May not the two be connected? When we remember that the Government did make use of Dr. Poynter to obtain a brief against the Jesuits at this very time,³ we realize how easily they may have acted on the same occasion against Milner. The episode seems to need a little more elucidation than Mgr. Ward gives to it.

In this connection the "Jesuit Question" must also be borne in mind. Mgr. Ward treats this intricate subject admirably. Few of his chapters are more interesting, or show his delicate perception, and strong judgment to better advantage, though of course there are some details on which we may differ. Except for the cross-light it throws on the main subject, it would not be necessary to say more about it here, especially as it was treated in these pages not very long ago.⁴

"The Jesuit Question" then had in itself nothing to do with the Emancipation Movement, but was a legacy from the dark days of the Suppression of the Society forty-five years earlier. By 1820 the English Jesuits had been privately associated with the Jesuits abroad for some time, and the question was, whether they could not now be recognized in

¹ Dr. Poynter did not write to Government on this occasion. At all events, when he received and sent on the letter of Lord Sidmouth against the Jesuits, he expressly says, "I do not know what made him write to me." (To Gradwell, 6 January, 1820, Engl. Coll. MS. *Agency 1817-1822*, 247). It was therefore probably Coxé Hippisley that wrote. What I wrote in *THE MONTH* for July, 1910, p. 31, should be amended in this sense.

² Pedicini to Consalvi, May 1, 1820; Engl. Coll. Rome, *Agency 1817*, fol. 363.

³ I doubt whether Bishop Poynter's correspondence with Government was (as Mgr. Ward thinks), "indirectly communicated to the Stonyhurst Fathers." vol. iii, p. 209. It is true that Gradwell's *Documenta* revealed the fact that Government had written to Poynter in 1820. But that is not the same thing as Poynter's beginning the correspondence in 1819. This seems to have been unknown to Milner, to Glover, Amherst, and all the earlier writers on that side. Had they known it they would have denounced it not less vigorously than Bishop Baines. (*Ibid.*, vol. iii, p. 209).

⁴ *THE MONTH*, May to July, 1910. See also October, 1908.

public. Unfortunately for the Order most of the Vicars Apostolic had been educated amid bitter anti-Jesuit traditions. Dr. Poynter, far from desiring their recognition, was working for their entire suppression, and none of the Bishops except Milner would admit the Bull *Sollicitudo* for the restoration of the Society, which in Ireland as well as in the Midland District was received as in force. They even refused to ordain the young Jesuit students, except under conditions impossible for them to accept.

The Jesuit Question was therefore one which of itself divided opinions a great deal, and as is wont to happen in factious times, it became a matter of party politics, despite all the endeavours of the Stonyhurst Fathers "to hold themselves neutral." In the prevalent excitement Dr. Milner's support did them harm with many. Dr. Gradwell used to say in his bitter way, "Dr. Milner thinks he is duping the Jesuits to support his declining popularity, while the Jesuits have really duped Dr. Milner to become their tool." A peer, a member of the English Catholic Board, was accustomed to say (so it was reported), "Let us get rid of Dr. Milner and the Jesuits and the cause of Emancipation is half won." On August 9, 1819, Gradwell sent in a long Memorial to Propaganda, in which, with great earnestness and warmth (as the sentence quoted above indicates), he urged his view that both are "Disturbers of the English Mission," and as such are to be condemned *en bloc*. To study his methods I will touch on some phases of his treatment of "The Stonyhurst Petition," going a little further into its history than has been done before.

The Stonyhurst Petition was the address of Lords Arundell, Stourton, and other old *alumni* to the Pope, in support of their *alma mater*, which had been rather hard hit by the withdrawal of a letter in its favour by Propaganda in the previous year. As soon as Gradwell heard of the petition, "I represented," to use his own harsh words, "that the petition of the lay-Jesuits was *dolosam, tumultu partam, falsis subscribentium nominibus suffullam, et nec suspicione nec periculo carentem* . . . and that I had proofs of every word I employed."¹ Dr. Milner, we see, was by no means the only person who used hard language in these controversies.

¹ Gradwell to Bishop Gibson, January 12, 1819. Autograph duplicate at the English College. The above petition was handed in on January 16th. He seems to have acted on information sent him by Bishop Slater, December 5, 1818, *Ibid.* See also Ward, vol. iii. pp. 39-46.

A charge of such extraordinary boldness was, of course, soon a matter of comment, a copy of it was given to the Jesuits, and Gradwell, as we have seen, wrote about it to his friends. Small wonder that the gentlemen who had signed the petition were extremely angry when they heard of his rudeness. Mr. Stephen Tempest wrote to Dr. Poynter asking for an explanation. Mgr. Ward prints his note, which certainly betrays a good deal of natural irritation, and tells us that Dr. Poynter avoided giving any answer. But may we not rather hope that Father Glover's version of the story (he was Mr. Tempest's friend), is in this respect true? He says that the Bishop assured Mr. Tempest that he was not responsible for any such objectionable language. We may be sure that he was not. In fact he wrote to Gradwell telling him to be more cautious.

It was a year before Gradwell began his self defence, and by that time his recollection of his own words was strangely modified. He had represented that the petition was "deceitful, supported by forged signatures, obtained by cabal, not free from suspicion and danger," and that he already had "proofs of every word he used." Now he adroitly changed his ground, and offered with much show of earnestness to prove that "the signatures affixed to the petition were not in the handwriting of the gentlemen whose names appeared in the instrument." If they were, "I would publicly retract my assertion."

Now anyone used to style of petitions of this sort knows that they rarely follow the form, which is prescribed for petitions to the English Parliament, where each signature presented must be autograph. Subscriptions for petitions to the Holy See are quite commonly collected abroad by a letter in the language of the country, or by many such letters. The petition is then translated into Italian, and the names fair-copied. The originals are kept by the organizers for reference, but the main safeguard is good faith and publicity. Such petitions are commonly published, as the Stonyhurst petition was, and no one recalled or withdrew his name.

Gradwell's plan was to endeavour to cover his own bitterly insulting charges, by raising difficulties about the signatures being fair-written! This he did, eking out his defence by comments on the small verbal differences between the two independent Italian versions of the English, and other such

trifles!¹ In those partisan days he and his friends thought this quite clever and sufficient justification of his original libel, which was never retracted. The matter is not of serious importance in itself, but as a manifestation of Dr. Gradwell's reliability during the period when he was the protagonist against Milner, its moral is obvious.

Before we leave the Jesuit Question, another point may be noticed which illustrates the schools of thought current at that day. The Jesuits had by then been restored throughout the world, but to avoid trouble with some certain Governments, it was afterwards declared that this was not to take effect, "except where the Civil Government consented to admit them." Now those who regarded the British Government as anti-Catholic, and to some extent, still as persecutors, interpreted the restrictive clause, as they would have done in the case of the Emperor of China, or the Sultan. Nobody would pretend that a Jesuit missionary sent to China, Turkey, or any savage country, would cease to be a Jesuit, because the Sultan, Emperor or savage king did not recognize the Society of Jesus. Accordingly the Irish Bishops, as also Dr. Milner, received the Jesuits without hesitation.² On the other hand, Bishop Poynter and his school, who regarded the English Government in a very different light, refused, considering the restrictive clause as entirely insuperable. The variety of practice is really reducible to the different fundamental principles of the two parties described above.

In the same way, I think, we should explain the views taken about Cardinal Litta's two letters about Stonyhurst in 1815 and 1818. Both letters beg that favour may be shown to the Jesuits, but the restrictive clause, though mentioned in the first, is omitted in the second. There is no "ver-

¹ The more important of these is, that in two copies there appears at the foot apart from the petition, a statement that "the Rev. Gentlemen of Stonyhurst" ask for leave to present to ordination, and that "the beneficial dispositions of the Holy See in favour of Stonyhurst" should be "communicated to the Rev. Vicars Apostolic." But this was added by Roman officials *after* the petition had been presented, and it is surely affectation to say that it ought to have been communicated to the signatories first.

² It is also to be noted that the restrictive clause was formally communicated to Dr. Poynter and Bishop Gibson, not to the others. If it had been formally set before them they would probably have said that, where the State received Jesuits in peace and gave them the protection of the law (see previous note), there the restrictive clause was abundantly satisfied. It must have been on some such interpretation as this that Leo XII. eventually recognized the English Jesuits.

satility" here. In the first letter the Cardinal evidently presumed that the clause (however it was interpreted), would not apply. In the second he does not think it necessary to quote it at all. But he does not command the Bishop to take his view of its inapplicability. He only says it would be commendable (*decere*) that his Lordship should act in accordance with that view.¹

The account of the "Douay Claims," now for the first time clearly told by Mgr. Ward, illustrates once more the two opposite ways of regarding the British Government. Dr. Poynter began with great confidence:

Is it not wonderful [he wrote to Dr. Kirk] that our Government should now be so indulgent to us, so anxious to save for us that property which our ancestors sent to France for security, and to be employed for "superstitious purposes." Shame to the French Government for refusing the certificates. A blessing on the English Government for generously supplying the want of them by the orders given by Mr. Canning.

Alas! when the matter came up for final decision, the Commissioners decided to retain the money themselves, precisely because it was intended for "superstitious purposes," making an unfair use of an incautious declaration made by the Bishop—that the moneys, if returned, "should be spent for the proper purposes of its ecclesiastical donation." When too late the Bishop declared, "Justice is denied us because we are Catholics," and Mgr. Ward says very truly in conclusion,

The whole story would appear almost incredible at the present day. The disappointment is said to have shortened Dr. Poynter's life, and at this we really cannot wonder, but we may fairly express surprise that the British Government could have allowed so flagrant a miscarriage of justice, which public opinion could never have tolerated but for the fact that the claimants were Catholics.

Quite so. But if even in plain money matters gross injustice to Catholics was possible, how much more so in matters of ecclesiastical government. Milner's distrust was more statesmanlike than Poynter's confidence.

¹ Mgr. Ward, on the other hand, interprets the first letter *tout court* as "written to say that the Society was not yet re-established," the second as an order; the Jesuit *alumni* "were to be ordained" *sub titulo paupertatis*. (Ward, vol. iii. pp. 30, 31. The letters are given in full in Appendix R.)

Mgr. Ward's admirable history is a work that could only have been written by one who has not only made prolonged researches into the correspondence of the time, but who has also written at length on the various movements which led up to Emancipation, and make its period so complicated, and at first sight unintelligible. Though the history does not supersede all previous histories, nor render subsequent studies superfluous, it is by far the best book on the subject. Our author's impartiality is admirable, and we believe that admirers of Dr. Milner will not only read him without irritation, but will actually find here the justification of their hero, whom Newman so finely called the English Athanasius.¹ In an Apologia for Bishop Poynter (as this volume was morally bound to be, inspired as it is by traditions of St. Edmund's, and based upon Poynter's own correspondence), this is an extraordinary success. But, of course, Mgr. Ward does actually enter into Milner's defence, and as I have shown above, there is perhaps reason for this being now carried further, at least on some points.

Finally, we must not close these volumes without a very sincere congratulation to the *Alma Mater* the *genius loci* of which has inspired them, and on which they reflect so much credit. Coming as these large, handsome and scholarly volumes have done, at the rate of more than two a year for the last five years, from the pens of the hard-worked President, Vice-President and Professors of St. Edmund's, with promise of others to follow, on subjects of the greatest importance to our body—a literary fertility not approached by any other of our Catholic institutions—we cannot but set the fact on record in admiration, and express the hope that so excellent a performance may prosper and become perennial.

J. H. POLLEN.

¹ I do not know the reference for this, but the praise implied in *The Second Spring* (*Sermons on Various Occasions*, 1870, pp. 174—176) is equally lofty, and he is styled "the principal luminary" of his time in a letter printed in Mr. Wilfrid Ward's *Life of Newman*, vol. i. p. 501.

Hans Christian Andersen.

SOME thirty odd years ago, over in little Denmark, Hans Christian Andersen lay dying. He had reached the age of seventy, and the time had come for him to enter that other world which had ever been to him so tangible, homelike, and desirable. The world that he was leaving had not always used him well; yet rarely, except in banter, had he spoken of it otherwise than tenderly and gratefully. Now, as he lay there, in weakness but not in pain, he was heard to murmur:

"Oh how happy I am! How beautiful the world is! Life is so beautiful. It is just as if I were sailing into a land far, far away, where there is no pain, no sorrow."¹

It was a fitting close to the life of the man who, when he came to pen his own history, could write:

"My life is a lovely story, happy and full of interest. . . . I am a child of good fortune; almost everyone meets me full of love and candour, and seldom has my confidence in human nature been deceived. From the prince to the poorest peasant I have felt the noble human heart beat. . . . To God and men my thanks, my love."²

This "child of good fortune" was the son of a poor cobbler of Odense. He lived with his father and mother in one room, and of an evening, to get him out of the way, they used to put him to sleep in the big bed surrounded by coarse white calico curtains. "How nice and quiet he is, the blessed child," the mother would say, and she went softly for fear of waking him. She might have spared her trouble. Little Hans was not asleep, but he was far enough away beyond reach of disturbance, and the light shone through the

¹ *Hans Christian Andersen. A Biography.* R. Nisbet Bain.

² *The True Story of My Life*, translated by Mary Howitt. Sincere and truthful as Andersen was, we must not forget that to one of his temperament the past was unavoidably coloured by romance.

curtains on a weird fantastic world into which that weak, untidy, feckless mother of his had assuredly no power to enter. He laid his head against the hard wooden post, and it softened at his touch, and a big lip shot out from it and whispered in his ear tales of all the people who had ever rested in the bed. And when the murmur ceased, he would sit up and rub his eyes, and peer out through a crack in the curtains at the room, so strange yet so familiar. The lamp had a real face and smiled at him, and his two shoes were dancing noiselessly and happily in a corner by themselves. The broken bottle sulked on the chimney-piece because the cobbler was inconsiderate enough to keep his blacking in it. Yet, since in the distant past it had once contained champagne, there was even now something about it different from other bottles—for "nobility is nobility, you know, even when filled with blacking." Under the table, an old top, who had lately been re-painted, was pretending not to notice a shabby little india-rubber ball. They had been lovers once, but when the beloved object has lain out in the rain and got wet through, it is not likely one can recognize her when one meets her in the dustbin or under the table. And all these things were real and alive to little Hans, almost more real perhaps than his parents, the delicate, discontented scholar-cobbler, and the grumbling, tired woman who both spoilt and neglected him.

It was a great and wonderful world to the child, this one humble room, where every material object had a soul and a history; yet great as it was, it was but an insignificant corner of the far wider universe outside, the best way into which was up the ladder, through the hole in the roof, and so out on to the roof gutter, with its garden of parsley and clives and pea-plants and dwarf rose-bushes. A small garden, surely! since in point of space it was limited to a few old wooden boxes. In point of time, however, it bids fair to flower for ever in the pages of those *Fairy-Tales* which lie in tattered cheap editions on so many of the nursery and kitchen floors of both the hemispheres. "I love them and they know that I love them," said Andersen once in speaking of flowers. "If I stuck in a peg I believe it would grow." And with that unclouded, tranquil faith of his in the eternity of all beauty, however fragile, he tells us in his story of *The Angel*, how God kissed the dry, withered field flower, which had brought such wealth of comfort to the poor crippled boy, so that it

too received a voice and joined in the everlasting hymn of praise sung by the angels.

Into this marvellous, fanciful, spiritualized world, all alive with beings friendly to the child, came death and terror. Hans was but eleven when his father died. Three days before, his mother had sent him out at night to walk by the river; for already she had begun to realize that her boy was not as other boys, "And," she argued, "if thy father is to die this time, thou wilt meet his ghost." No wraith appeared to the terrified child, yet in spite of this, his father did die. All night long he watched with his mother beside the dead man, and all night long a cricket chirped, until at last the poor woman could stand it no longer, and cried to it impatiently: "Thou needst not call to him any more—he is dead."

When, some time afterwards, Hans Christian's mother married again, she took her little son away from school, where he was making but indifferent progress, and sent him to work in a factory. It is easy to understand that he was very unhappy among the coarse, rough companions he found there, and preferred to sit at home under his favourite gooseberry-bush, dressing dolls, or playing at theatres. His mother made no attempt to control him; it was her way to let things drift. But at least she was not unkind, and this in itself was quite sufficient to win the affection of her son. Not even when in later years she took to drink, did his ideal of her suffer complete eclipse; and it is remarkable that he grew up with a higher conception of motherhood than most men who have had excellent mothers. It may be that his final attitude towards her is expressed in the story of *Anne Lisbeth*, whose drowned son calls from out the sea to his unnatural mother: "The world is passing away! Hold fast to me, for you are my mother after all. You have an angel in heaven. Hold me fast!" In any case, we have it on record that of all the tales he wrote, Andersen himself preferred *The Story of a Mother* and *The Child in the Grave*, because he hoped that they had helped to console so many sorrowing mothers.

Another dear friend, and perhaps a worthier one, of his early years, was his grandmother. It is possible that we have her portrait in the little sketch entitled *Grandmother*:

"Grandmother is very old; she has many wrinkles, and her hair is snow-white; but her eyes, which are like two stars, and

even more beautiful, gaze at you mildly and kindly, and it does you good to look into them. And she can tell you the most wonderful stories."

Grandmother's husband was weak in intellect and lived in an infirmary. His old wife used to look after the infirmary garden; often she gave her grandson flowers, and this was a source of great happiness to the child.

For Hans was certainly happy, happy as perhaps few other children have been; but his peace and his happiness were dependent on one condition, namely, that he stayed in his dream-world, since outside the Kingdom of Faëry there is scant shrift for artists and poets, more especially if they be sensitive. It is out in the cold world (cold, not so much from malice, as because its over sensible inhabitants lack insight) that the Portuguese Duck bites off the Singing Bird's head, and then exclaims with just irritation: "Now, what's the meaning of this? Could he not bear even that? Then certainly he was not made for this earth."

For a little boy, conscious of something unusual stirring within him, and with a dim yet strong conviction that he is different to other people, it is a great thing to have a little girl friend, to whom he can turn for affection and sympathy. To such a one, as he believed, Hans poured out his heart, as the children sat together under the shade of the wise and comprehending gooseberry-bush. She was glad to listen to him, for no one could tell such amusing tales as her queer boy chum. And besides, unlike most boys, he was gentle to her dolls—nay more! he had the art of positively endowing them with life. To this chosen comrade, then, Hans Christian confided the secret of his birth—how he was really a nobleman's son, only the fairies had changed him in his cradle. Some day, of course, the spell would be broken, and the hitherto unrecognized prince would come into his own. At this point, he glanced up to see what impression he was making, and suddenly, to his utter astonishment and dismay, an inquisitive, callous, mean soul peered out at him through the eyes of his friend, as she gave a laugh and cried: "Why! thou art mad, like thy grandfather." And Hans, who was shrinkingly sensitive with regard to the poor old man, jumped up and rushed away and away—anywhere, until he found a deserted corner where he could fling himself upon the ground and sob passionately and cry to God. Only those who have a clear recollection of the troubles of their child-

hood—borne generally, from the nature of the case, in so deep a solitude—can gauge the bitterness of that child's tears.

Many and many a time in the years that followed, did Hans creep aside by himself and "sob and pray to God." For others beside his little girl friend thought him hopelessly eccentric. He was a veritable ugly duckling; and like the ducks in the farmyard, so the people of Odense were of opinion that "He was too large and peculiar and therefore he must be knocked about." That the "knocking about" in this case took the form of ridicule did not probably make it any easier to bear. Hans Christian became the laughing-stock of the neighbourhood. Perhaps there was a little excuse for the good people. He was a most odd and awkward boy, lean and lanky, with grotesque movements, a very big nose, and eyes so small as sometimes to become almost invisible. Moreover, in his moments of elation, he had an overweening opinion of himself which must have been aggravating. At one time he hoped to make his fortune by his voice; after it broke, he aspired to the stage—and to play the heroic, princely parts too! When a practical if undiscerning well-wisher tried to persuade him to settle down to a trade, he objected gravely, "But surely that would be a great sin." For even in those early days he was conscious of his genius, regarding it as a gift from God, for the right use of which he was before all else responsible; and though years elapsed before he found his true vocation, his strong faith in his own powers supported him under many trials, and ended, as was perhaps inevitable, by impressing others.

When, at seventeen years of age, Hans Christian Andersen started off to Copenhagen to seek his fortune, with under two pounds in his pocket, everything, humanly speaking, was against him—his defective education, his personal appearance, his very clothes. It is not surprising that the *première danseuse* of the Opera, to whom he had an introduction, thought she had to deal with a lunatic. Picture, too, the astonishment of the Danish poet Thiele when Hans succeeded in bursting past the servants, and stood in his study doorway, a strange scarecrow of a figure, bowing, gesticulating, and declaiming: "May I have the honour of expressing my sentiments with regard to the stage in a poem of my own composition?"

And yet, though in Copenhagen as in Odense, Hans was the butt of the town, it was not long before he found friends,

chief among whom was Jonas Collin, a Director of the Theatre Royal, who acted towards him ever after as a most affectionate father. Before the lad was fairly launched, however, he had many hardships to go through. He knew what it was to be ragged, hungry, and cold, and many a time did he take refuge on a seat in a public garden to eat his mid-day meal of dry bread. At this period he lived with a grasping old widow, who, seeing that her lodger was beginning to make influential friends, tried to get from him more money for rent than he could possibly afford to pay. It was characteristic of Andersen that, far from resenting such conduct, he actually loved the old woman, and was in despair when she threatened to turn him out of what he called his "home." He was too proud to apply to his patrons for further assistance, and there came a day when things seemed desperate. In his misery, he went up to the portrait of the widow's husband, which was hanging on the wall, and smeared it all over with the tears that were running down his face. With his gift for personification, it seemed to him that the picture understood, and was weeping and pleading for him; and when the old woman relented, convinced at last that there was no more to be screwed out of the boy, he "thanked God and the dead man."

In 1823, through the influence of Jonas Collin, Andersen was sent to the Latin School at Slagelse at the public expense, and from this date his material sufferings were at an end. Yet a public school is by no means a bed of roses for a wilful, backward, eccentric genius of eighteen, and first at Slagelse and later at Helsingör, Andersen was still the Ugly Duckling. "I am good for nothing at all," he wrote to Jonas Collin; and he confesses later, "In the darkest days of my school life I had a feeling as if the whole of my talents were a self-deception." He was often deeply wounded by the merciless ridicule of his tutor, and the following entry in his private diary indicates his prevailing mood at this period.

"God! how my heart is like to burst! What *will* become of me? My strong imagination will bring me to the mad-house, the violence of my feelings will drive me to suicide. My God, forgive me!"¹

Indeed, he was so unhappy, that at last he left College and devoted himself entirely to literature. After many disap-

¹ R. Nisbet Bain.

pointments, the *Skyggebilder* (*Shadow Pictures*), published in 1833, earned for him a travelling stipend from the State for two years. When, at the end of this time, he brought out his novel, *The Improvisatore*, his position was assured.

It was not however by novels (still less by those unsuccessful plays of his which proved such a snare and disappointment) that Andersen was to be remembered. There was a form—and no other would have done as well, we feel—in which this great genius, at once wayward and lovable, pathetic and humorous, whimsical and generous, could find adequate expression. Upon this form he stumbled by what the world terms “chance.” It came about in this way. He had always possessed a remarkable talent for telling stories to children; he could hold any child’s attention if he chose. A friend, then, suggested that he should write down some of these stories exactly as he told them, and this it was which led to the publication in 1835 of a little book of *Eventyr*—those *Eventyr* which we call “Fairy-Tales,” although fairies are but rarely mentioned in them, unless we are prepared to include among the fairy ranks an occasional witch, notably the one in *The Snow Queen*, who “was not a wicked witch at all, but only practised a little magic for her own amusement.” The first volume contained, among other stories, *Little Ida’s Flowers*, *Big Claus and Little Claus*, and *The Tinder-Box*, and it was sold for a few pence. After this, a volume appeared regularly every Christmas, and in time the public realized that there was something by no means ordinary about these apparently simple little tales. They grew quite fashionable; until a day came when their author was invited to stay with King Christian VIII. of Denmark, and to amuse the King and Queen every evening by reciting to them two of his own tales. Many of the well-known men of the time became his friends, including his own countryman, the great sculptor Thorwaldsen, who, as a boy, had turned the spit for the cook, but who likewise had become famous, although his name too ended in *sen*. You remember the proud little girl in *Children’s Prattle*?

“ ‘The people whose name end in *sen*,’ she said, ‘they are nothing at all. One must keep them at arms’ length, and always at a great distance, these *sen*!’ And she stuck out her pretty little arms, to show how it was to be done, and her little arms were very pretty. She was a dear little girl.”

“She was a dear little girl!” The phrase is typical of Ander-

sen, for, sensitive and touchy though he was, he could not long find it in his heart to be seriously angry with people—not even with those who had once treated him as a *sen*.

In *The Elder Tree Mother*, the old gentleman agrees with the little boy that people can make a tale out of everything they touch. "But," he says, "those stories and tales are worth nothing! No, the real ones come of themselves. They knock at our foreheads and say, 'Here I am!'" Something or other, apparently, was for ever knocking at Andersen's forehead. "Here I am," it said, and all he had to do was to open his lips and tell us about it in the most natural way in the world. And his manner of telling it is so perfect:

"There came a soldier marching along the high road—one, two! one, two! He had his knapsack on his back and a sabre by his side, for he had been in the wars, and now he wanted to go home. And on the way he met with an old witch."

It would be difficult to beat that for a beginning—and we cannot read it in the original rich, soft Danish, remember, which Andersen considered especially suited to his type of fiction. "There is in the Danish language," he said, "a power which cannot be transfused into a translation."

The world into which we pass when we open a volume of the *Fairy-Tales* is a very different world to the one in which we for the most part have the misfortune to dwell. It is better, certainly, but above all, it is different—with other ideals and other aims, other standards and far other heroes. Singular though it may seem, we recognize this new world, directly we have stepped into it, for the true one, while that which we have left behind is but a dream! And at once we are at home, in this new, old, homely country, whose language, native to our hearts, and which instinctively we understand, speaks to us so intimately of "things that make us glad and thoughtful both at once." For where *could* we be at home, indeed! if not in the land where the honest old Street Lamp enjoys much inward peace, and is content to let its star-given faculties lie dormant for the sake of the aged couple who love it and give it oil; where the little boy sends one of his two Tin Soldiers to the lonely old gentleman, and years afterwards brings tears to the eyes of his young wife by telling her of the old house and the old man; where the starving Match Girl is first consoled by the vision of a bright fire and a roast goose and a glorious Christmas Tree, and is

then taken by her long-lost grandmother to keep New Year's Day in that heaven where "no soul will be able to say, *Never loved*;" where the cheery face of the very driver of a hearse announces, "It is of no consequence! It is of no consequence!—it will be better than you imagine;" where, to give one more example, the gentle, resolute, and constant Gerda seeks and finds her little Kay again, and thaws his poor, frozen heart by the warmth of her love, and kisses the distorting chip of magic glass out of his eyes, so that he is free to go back with her to their old home where the big clock has never ceased ticking conscientiously through the long, long years of absence: "And they sit down hand in hand, grown up and yet children—children in heart; and it is summer, warm delightful summer."

After all, in the last resort, what is this world of the *Fairy-Tales* but a world where the Christian ideal, if not as yet all-powerful, is at least recognized as the standard of conduct—a world in which faithfulness and gentleness and humility assert their inherent right to our admiration? It may unhesitatingly be said of Andersen that his soul was naturally Christian. "If only I could accept the Divinity of Christ," he declared wistfully in his later years, "I feel that it would be the happiest and truest thing imaginable." Conscious, however, of a sincere and upright intention, and with that entire and touching reliance on God which was one of his most prominent traits, he looked forward to having the truth shown to him plainly in the next world.

The little prose poems of "the Lean Poet" are comparable to nothing else we know, unless it be to the almost heavenly gaiety of some of Mozart's music. Often, amid all their pathos and sentiment, they bubble over with the quaintest, most delightful humour—laughter in which angels might join, since it is unspoilt by any touch of cynicism. Their author is an idealist, but at the same time a very close and keen observer of the faults and foibles of his fellows. What, for instance, could be shrewder than the opening passage of *Five out of One Shell*?

"There were five peas in one shell: they were green, and the pod was green, and so they thought that all the world was green; and this was just as it should be. . .

" 'Are we to sit here everlastingly?' asked one. 'I'm afraid we shall become hard by long sitting. It seems to me that there must be something outside—I have a kind of inkling of it.'

"And weeks went by. The peas became yellow, and the pod also.

" 'All the world's turning yellow,' said they; and they had a right to say it."

The pages of the *Fairy-Tales* abound in such touches. Says the Beetle:

"My travels have been very interesting, but what's the good of that, if nobody hears of them?"

And again, the Critic informs us:

"I shall keep on the outside of things, and criticize whatever you produce. To every work there is attached something that is not right—something that has gone wrong; and I will ferret that out and find fault with it."

Nor can we omit that deserved slap at us all in *The Goblin and the Huckster*. The Goblin was drawn to the Student's attic, for its bareness and poverty were transfigured by poetry and music; but downstairs lived the Huckster, who owned the whole house and could every day afford a lump of the best butter in his porridge.

" 'I must divide myself between the two,' said the Goblin. 'I can't quite give up the Huckster because of the porridge.'

"Now that was spoken quite like a human creature. We all of us visit the Huckster for the sake of the porridge."

If Andersen appeals to men and women as a great imaginative writer, his appeal to children would seem to lie in the fact that he is just one of themselves. In some respects he never grew up, but retained to the last the pardonable faults, as also the endearing qualities, of a child. It is reported that he was not particularly fond of children. One might as well say of a man that he was not particularly fond of men. Many grown-up people love children in the sense that they like to stoop to them, to amuse them, to treat them as playthings; this was not Andersen's attitude, for he was one of them himself—he understood them and they him. He took each individual child on its own merits. That he was aware of having added to the happiness of the children of the world, and rejoiced in the fact, there is no doubt. He was distressed in his closing years at the idea of receiving a present of money from the youth of America; but when the misunderstanding as to his financial position had been

put right, and the offering took the form of books, he was intensely moved and delighted. At the age of sixty-one, when after all his travels he was at last settling down in a house of his own, he told a friend:

"I am now an elderly man, so I think you had better see about composing a nice funeral march for me. The *small* school-children will naturally follow me to the grave, remember; so set the music to the tramp, tramp, tramp of the feet of little children."¹

Certainly, children owe a great debt of gratitude to Hans Andersen; and it is no small thing that one of the first story-books so many of us can remember, should have put forward conceptions of life so true, and at the same time so beautiful. It is said by peasants in some of the hill districts of Ireland, that if you take a green rush, twist it into a ring, and look through it, you can see the Children of Faëry flitting over mountain and bog and hollow. They were there all the time, of course, only until you looked through the rush you could not see them. So an invisible finger, as it were, touched the eyes of Andersen in his cradle, and gave him the rare faculty of seeing deep into the hearts of men, and deep into the significance of *things*—those strange material objects which form our environment, and exert so mysterious an influence on our character. At the root of all, beneath much that is incidental, petty, or ludicrous, he invariably finds Order and Beauty and Goodness. A few stories, it is true, such as *Big Claus and Little Claus* and *The Tinder-Box*, display a certain thoughtless, childish ferocity, and captious critics have sometimes cited them as an instance of their author's want of conventional morality. It would be ridiculous indeed, however, to take exception to the flippant and triumphant progress of the heroes through what is so obviously a purely fictitious and irresponsible harlequinade.

It was alien to Andersen's nature to attempt to point a moral, or to cramp his guileless and poetic tales by any conscious didactic aim. He is ever spontaneous, unaffected, natural, and herein lies the secret of his spell. Without effort, of no set purpose, quite simply, he talks to us feelingly about the things he loves and assumes that we love too—and at bottom what he really loves, in art as in life, is nobility. "It does one good," he says, "both in mind and heart, to see what is glorious understood and beloved."

¹ R. Nisbet Bain.

Hans Andersen never married, but in relating the story of his life he refers briefly to a single love episode. He says:

"I had only one thought and that was *she*. But it was self-delusion; she loved another; she married him. It was not until several years later that I felt and acknowledged that it was best, both for her and for myself, that things had fallen out as they had. She had no idea, perhaps, how deep my feeling for her had been or what an influence it had had on me. She had become the excellent wife of a good man, and a happy mother. God's blessing rest upon her!"

Friends he had many, and at times it is to be feared he proved something of a trial to them. It was impossible, however, for those who knew him to be irritated with him for long. His account of his friend, Edward Collin, in *The True Story of my Life*, almost deserves, for the sake of its generosity, to be set beside Beethoven's letter to Breuning:

"Collin's son, Edward, was possessed of that courage and determination which I wanted. I felt that he sincerely loved me, and I, full of affection, threw myself upon him with my whole soul; he passed on calmly and practically through the business of life. I often mistook him at the very moment when he felt for me most deeply, and when he would gladly have infused into me a portion of his own character—into me who was as a reed shaken by the wind."

The closing years of Andersen's life were happy ones, except for the inevitable suffering entailed by a vivid imagination and extraordinarily quick impressions. During the fifteen years which preceded his death he was loved and honoured as few men have been, but it did not spoil him in the least—on the contrary, it had the effect of making him very humble and grateful. His early troubles had not hardened his heart. Perhaps it was of himself he was thinking when he remarked in *The Old Bachelor's Nightcap*, "Poverty and hard living sometimes make the heart hard, but sometimes they soften it, even too much." Prosperity, it would appear, did but soften his heart still more.

Andersen was fully alive to his own exceptional powers, and this made many people think him conceited. Undoubtedly he possessed a certain harmless, childish vanity, easily forgivable if we reflect on the very lofty ideal he always held of his art. "Thrice happy the man," he exclaims,

"who, *without merit of his own*, is chosen to be a wanderer along the thorny path of honour." Elsewhere he speaks of "the holiness there is in art;" and in another place, he tells us, "In art, the way always leads up a burning ladder towards heaven."

There is no more striking example in literature of great gifts conscientiously employed. There never was a man who threw himself with a more childlike trust and confidence upon the guidance of God, and the result is plain for all to read. He began life, his genius apart, with serious disadvantages, physical and mental. His early training, or the lack of it, was enough to ruin the most promising of natural characters. He was so sensitive and highly-strung that a cold or unkind word made him acutely miserable. Yet, but for the obscurity and poverty of his youth, we could not have had those lowly and appealing backgrounds that give so much additional charm to some of his finest work. And we pass on through the want and hardship, through the griefs, worries, and disappointments—some or all of which form the common lot of every man and woman—to the day when, with the years closing in, he sat down quietly to write his own history, and to review the past in the light of the present. It may well be that the bygone days had a certain glamour over them, and that he was so constituted as to remember the happiness more vividly than the pain. Still, allowing for this, what is his testimony? We end, as we began, with the note that after all was the dominant one of his life:

"To God and men my thanks, my love. . . . I am a child of good fortune; almost everyone meets me full of love and candour, and seldom has my confidence in human nature been deceived. From the prince to the poorest peasant I have felt the noble human heart beat."

E. M. WALKER.

Anglican Points of View.

I.

THE most perplexing part of a convert's experience is perhaps the discovery that he comes from an unfamiliar country, and that his new associates neither know nor greatly care to know about these curious people from whom he has so lately parted. And this will strike him more forcibly, if his late companions have been those whom the world in its wisdom calls "Ritualists," and who call themselves "Anglo-Catholics." For not only do the great majority of converts come from this class, unless it is much libelled, but also it is their simple belief that they were almost indistinguishable from the genuine article. And so, whatever fault may be found with them, they do at least expect to be understood by those on whom their lives are modelled.

As a matter of fact there are few people with whom the average Catholic has less sympathy. For one thing he is apt to look upon a Ritualist as a kind of ecclesiastical smuggler, a person who wishes to enjoy some of the good things of the Catholic religion, without paying the market price. A Ritualist may indeed shirk fasting and going to confession, and does evade obedience to a definite authority and the stigma of being a Papist. On the other hand, he does, in fact, very often have to bear a good deal in the way of petty persecution that no one can know or appreciate who has not shared his peculiar position. If, for example, a person is known to be a Catholic, it is taken for granted by those of his household that he will go to church at unusual hours and with unusual frequency, and generally develop habits and customs of an unfamiliar pattern. When any member of a Protestant household becomes a Catholic, these alterations in his ordinary behaviour are foreseen and, though at first they may cause trouble, yet once the strangeness is over the eccentricity is allowed for and nothing more is heard

about it. But with the unfortunate Ritualist the thing is different. He claims to lead a Catholic life in a Protestant Church; and every time he "hears Mass" or refuses meat, or does as an obligation something which his neighbours do not admit even as a counsel, he is felt to be passing a judgment as well as setting a precedent. If he is conscientious and sensitive he will be made to feel many times a week how much easier is the service of a Church that knows its own mind, and makes its mind known.

There are other reasons why Catholics and High Anglicans fail to get on well together. There cannot be sympathy without some measure of intercourse, and that is difficult without the medium of a common language. Now when Catholics converse with the representatives of the Higher Anglicanism, both sides are apt to remember the complaint of Ward, when he first became acquainted with the hereditary Catholics of England, "We spoke to them in English, and they did not understand us." With Low Churchmen and Dissenters the controversy is comparatively simple. We hold one opinion; they another. There is no room for diamond weights; one side is right, the other wrong. High Anglicans are different; they call themselves Catholics in defiance of all history; most of them use the word Protestant as a term of contempt, and resent its application to themselves; they give the current coin of controversy new and strange values that make polite discussion difficult. One detects occasionally a note of exasperation in recent Catholic controversy, which means just this, that the opponent is felt to be not quite playing the game. And if it is not quite the opponent's personal fault, it is felt to be the fault of a wholly unreasonable intellectual position.

And so it has come about that to us Catholics the better sort of English churchmen are a people of the mist, "dimly seen, as ghosts flitting to and fro," whose quaint prayer-books some of us preserve to convince a generation that will know them not, that such the Church of England had become in the reign of George V.

But although this mutual ignorance of "Romans" and "Romanisers" is rather amusing to the unbiassed student of contemporary thought, it can hardly be said to facilitate the work that lies nearest to our hands, which is, of course, the conversion of England. And therefore it is not wasting time to try and clear up a little more the "Anglo-Catholic" point

of view, to see as well as we can what it is and how it can best be dealt with.

Now the difficulty is partly this, that being Englishmen and having other intellectual disadvantages, High Anglicans are of various types and shades; and not being logical they are apt to drift about in varying moods from one to another. They often fail to do themselves justice from sheer inability to express themselves clearly. But roughly speaking, and allowing for many who never think at all, they may be divided into three classes. There are then

(1) Anti-Romans:

(2) Pro-Romans:—(a) Papal. (b) Non-Papal.

The anti-Romans are quite hopeless, at any rate, as long as they remain in that class. They are, broadly speaking, quite anti-Papal; they openly defend the Reformation as far as the breach with Rome is concerned; they are quite sure that the Roman Catholics are schismatics in England. Some of them think it their duty to attend Mass in "Roman Catholic" countries. Others think that the Roman attitude justifies worship in the Anglican chapels. Very often some real or imagined personal slight is at the bottom of their intransigence.

The pro-Romans are of two classes, though one may hesitate where precisely to draw the line. Some are pessimistic, some are optimistic. Some regard the Papacy as *de jure ecclesiastico*, others accept it as *de jure divino*. Some of these last would say that the central authority has justified rebellion by incessant encroachments. But for the present purpose we may admit finer distinctions and divide them into those who dispute, and those who believe that they accept, the Vatican decrees of 1870.

That there should be a class who believe that they accept all formal Roman doctrine is due, humanly speaking, to the work of *The Lamp*, and those whom it represents in the United States, and to the Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury and other like-minded persons at home. To my mind it is the most striking and significant of all the phenomena connected with the Romeward movement. And in its present proportions it is quite a new development and full of promise for the future.

Both these classes, the Papal and the non-Papal, are ready to admit that a centre is practically necessary to preserve the unity of the episcopate, but in view of the state of Chris-

tendom in the fourth and fifth centuries, and in view of its state to-day, they feel it impossible to "unchurch" either the Orthodox or the Anglican bodies. They, therefore, hold that in some sense and to some degree these bodies must be reckoned as parts of the Church, though in a state of abnormal and distressing separation from the Holy See. They are therefore in favour of corporate Re-union, even if corporate Re-union must mean to a great extent corporate submission. For the most part, they feel that the non-recognition of Anglican Orders constitutes an almost insuperable barrier to that desired goal. They hold that their present position, though theoretically indefensible is practically justified, (1) by the manifest revival still going on in the Anglican body, (2) by the refusal of Rome to acknowledge their Orders, or, as they would put it, to make any attempt to understand their hopes and endeavours.

Now let us try to see a little inside this state of mind, so difficult for us to apprehend. We see with some perplexity where they are, and we ask how on earth any rational being could have got there.

A.B. has been brought up in some sort of Anglican pietism of the Evangelical type. The traditional religion of his family is emotional and perhaps devotional, but thoroughly and consciously weak on the intellectual side. The only people whom they feel certainly inferior to them in matters of learning or of argument are "Romanists," and even these may beguile the unwary, for they receive a controversial training from their ubiquitous priests. But, as for the rest, the children of this world are confessedly wiser than the children of light. Schooldays increase this impression, and perhaps leave a doubt in the mind, whether the failure of the believers to hold their own is due so much to the wisdom of the world as it is to the imbecility or ignorance of the little flock. Such mentors as he meets with may be good Christians, but he feels that they are poor guides.

In this state of uncertainty, A.B. goes to the University. He meets there a new kind of Churchman, fearless of the new learning, aglow with enthusiasm, full of good works. He learns certain Catholic doctrines, somewhat obscured and distorted no doubt, and they appeal to him, but he hears of them as doctrines of the English Church. He is caught up in a tide of enthusiasm. He feels the thrill and joy of believing when others are doubting. He has the joy of get-

ting away from the conventional Anglicanism that overshadowed his schooldays. Perhaps he feels the need of confession, and his needs are understood and satisfied. But his great joy is what he pathetically calls "the Mass." Indeed, anyone who has seen the prostrate worshippers in an Oxford or Cambridge church, cannot help feeling impatient for the true Church to enter in and take possession of her ancient inheritance. But this is the point, that a youth may go to the University, half Evangelical, half Agnostic, and wholly Protestant, and leave it three or four years later, believing in the Real Presence, the Sacrifice of the Mass, Prayers for the Dead, a visible Catholic Church, and the desirability of its visible unity.

The Roman question would remain as a perplexity, but then one hardly ever meets Roman Catholics; they are only a stick which the Dissenter uses to beat the Anglican dog with. The record of the English Church in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries is admittedly so bad that the Roman "misjudgment" of the Anglican position is felt to be a misapprehension for which there is every excuse.

The *Treasury of Devotion* may be taken as a manual of prayer quite typical of this position. Regarded as a cunningly-devised link between the Book of Common Prayer and the *Garden of the Soul*, it is an absolutely marvellous production. For example, there is not a single direct invocation of a saint in the book, yet the *oret* is so introduced that he who prays it need not notice that it is not *ora*.

The intellectual defence of this position against Catholicism is not very profound. But then for the "Anglo-Catholic" Catholicism is not the enemy. He regards it as numerically insignificant. He meets the attack, when he must, with a theory of the fourth century which is found in Puller, and a theory of the sixteenth century which is found in Wakeman. But his real ground of confidence is found in what he calls "the Catholic Revival." We who know so much of its failure and its weakness, can form no conception of what it seems to those who see it for the first time in apparent beauty and strength.

In due time these men go out into the world to serve God in their generation. Many of them, and these the most earnest, sign the Thirty-Nine Articles, and enter the ranks of the Anglican ministry. (In this connection it is worth while to study the criticism of the Articles in Percival's *Digest*

of Theology). For a time the system they have adopted works without excessive strain. Much depends upon the temperament of the individual and the amount of help and guidance he requires from the Church. If he chances on a good confessor and does not expect too much from him, and is not scrupulous in such matters as fasting, he may get on very well. But the difficulties of leading a Catholic life in the Church of England are to say the least considerable. There are difficulties about fasting, about dispensations, about confessions, and often very grievous ones about church services.

And so by degrees, under the stress of daily life, the Anglican theory breaks down. It breaks down just as really though not so patently in the case of a Gladstone, who acquiesces in the failure, as in the case of a Manning, who flees from the City of Confusion, or of a Lee, who keeps up a hopeless fight almost to the end. The first awakening discovery is that the would-be Catholic, who desires to live under authority, cannot trust to his Church, for it will not speak as a whole; he has to rely on a party. That in itself gives food for anxious thought; still he can find some sort of analogy to it in the experiences of the ancient Church. But again, he finds that the High Church party as a whole is palpably disunited and palpably un-Catholic. There are current among the advanced High Churchmen at least two distinct doctrines about Confirmation, two about the Sacrifice of the Mass, two about the state of the departed. There is an endless variety of views about the need of penance, the use of Images, the Indissolubility of Marriage, Prohibited Degrees, and even about Transubstantiation, Extreme Unction, Invocation of Saints, the Immaculate Conception, the Primacy and Infallibility of the Pope, and that very practical matter, the relation of the National Church to the Holy Catholic Church. Think what it is for an Anglican to try and make the act of Faith! He has the motive securely, but how can he be sure what doctrine God has revealed?

Not a Church but a party, not a party but a faction, not a faction but a clique, a handful of men looking wistfully to Rome and coldly and finally disowned by Rome,—can any reading of history convince a man that he can safely trust his spiritual welfare to such a body as that? There are Anglicans working in London whose practical Christianity puts all but the best of us to shame; not for a moment would we minimize the work they have done for the pure love of God,

but will they themselves dare to tell their flocks that they ought to remain estranged from the Holy See and the Primate Church, not on the strength of Canterbury or Winchester or Lincoln, but on the strength of the heroic record of St. Alban's, Holborn, or St. Peter's, London Docks? After all the Catholic Church does not lack saints.

And so our would-be Catholic does not yet arrive at the goal as one might hope but at the "Three Taverns." The new movement gives him at once a resting-place, which he probably really needs, for he has been travelling rather fast, and the inspiration of new hope and new companions. And the new movement has a new watchword, borrowed from German ambitions—"To the Great Day."

Unity is after all a necessity. In the stress and strain of every day life even the best Anglicans come at times to lose the international outlook and to think English opinion after all more important than Catholic opinion. But now unity is increasingly felt to be the great necessity. And, here is the key-word of the new situation, *Episcopacy by itself does not lead to Unity*. History has demonstrated the need of a uniting centre.

Again, Catholicism is not a thing to be played with. We are dealing with principles of the highest importance. If the Church of England has any claim on any man's allegiance, that claim is based on its identity with the pre-Reformation Church. Of that claim serious proof must be offered making it clear that Anglicanism is the same religion as that of St. Anselm, St. Thomas of Canterbury and the rest. But *they* were "Papists," therefore Anglicans must come back to the Holy Father. They must acknowledge their sins.

And so here or hereabouts the Branch Theory is left behind, and Anglicanism no longer finds cover behind the defiant millions of the Orthodox. The English Church is now, taken by itself, a unique and almost insoluble problem. It is Samaria, perhaps, or it may be Decapolis. It is confessedly beyond logical defence. But nevertheless a quite supernatural movement is going on within it.

And that is why in so many cases it is practically impossible for a man to leave it, unless there is something like a definite call, or at least an inward break down, that makes continuance impossible. He sees no authority, no certainty of Sacramental Grace, no unmistakable tokens of the Covenant. But he does see Catholic Faith and Catholic Devotions

and Catholic Life springing up on all sides like a root out of a dry ground; he sees approaching a tremendous struggle for the possession of the National Church; in spite of all disheartening circumstances there is still a possibility that the enterprise of 1833 will find its legitimate goal, and so he cannot on the eve of the last battle desert his comrades and leave his friends and his country when every man is needed, and the cause is the Cause of God. Between this position and complete submission there is plainly only a step, yet it is a step that took Newman four years to take. It is here that we who are watching and waiting find our patience most sorely tried. "What is keeping them back?" we ask in sincere perplexity. "How is it honest to stay where they are?" The answer is that nothing is keeping them back, nothing insurmountable, at least. The Church of Rome is no longer the difficulty. But they are still members of the Church of England. And they are entitled to approach the question from that point of view. They are saying, according to their temperament, "May we stay?" or "Must we go?" And that is why we can do so little to help them.

II.

The situation with which we are trying to grapple is somewhat of this sort. In the front rank of the Church of England there is a small but increasing body of men who in their own phrase are "sound on the Holy Father." They are the "Whole Hoggers" of the Romanising movement. Immediately behind them are a larger group, represented, let us say, by the "Guild of the Love of God" and the "Catholic Literature Association," who are non-Papal rather than anti-Papal, who do not think it safe to reject any Roman Catholic doctrine, and who take a very strong line about devotion to our Blessed Lady. Then a shade behind these, on more Anglican ground, come the main body of the English Church Union. They are content with the Church of England, if only they can mould it to their liking. A Roman Primacy of ecclesiastical institution they are willing to allow; but the unreasonableness of Rome absolves them from their duty of allegiance to it.

Now, all these elements in the Church of England may be regarded as Catholicising or as capable of being Catholicised; even the last mentioned cling to the principles of

1833. Only it is plain that our influence will be most profitably exerted on those who are nearest to us, and whose conversion is, humanly speaking, only a matter of time; while they in turn will be in a better position to reach those who are immediately behind them.

If a Catholic uses the intellectual advantages of his position to bring home to an advancing High Churchman of the "Church Union" type the truth that his principles can only find their earthly realization in the Roman Church, he may no doubt effect a legitimate conversion, but he may just as easily cause his friend to revise his principles in the light of that alarming disclosure of their consequences. These principles are the recent acquisition of a small and advanced minority, and they are not held with sufficient strength to bear an unlimited strain. But if the same individual is led gently onward by those of his own communion, who see hardly more clearly than he does the ultimate goal, he may reach without shock or panic a position where he will behold with joy and thanksgiving the fair Vision of the City of Peace.

And, therefore, without losing sight of the main body, it were perhaps better chiefly, to concern ourselves with those who are in almost immediate sight of the goal. To deal with them successfully is at any rate the best way to learn how to deal with others less advanced.

Now it will be found, as we have already said, that these men are asking the question, "May I remain in the Church of England?" instead of the question, "Ought I to join the Church of Rome?" As long as they can get along in the Anglican Church, it does not seem that they will ever break with it of their own accord. They are much concerned about their own parish and the "Catholic privileges" which their Bishop may allow them, or they are anxious about the encroachments of the State on the liberties of the Establishment. And the main question is not properly faced.

Now in regard to the first of these two questions, Catholics, it would seem, can give little help. Our view of the Establishment is that it does not even tolerate many things which the Ritualist is firmly convinced that it teaches. And he may justly think that on such a matter his opinion is as good as ours. Besides, he very reasonably resents our seeming to take the side of the Protestant in a controversy in which he has very pluckily held his own since the sixteenth century. Beyond reminding him that the Church of England tolerates

almost every conceivable heresy without effort and without pain, and has the greatest difficulty in tolerating orthodoxy, this question is best left to answer itself.

"Ought I to join the Church of Rome?" This is the vital issue. The direct claim of Rome must be kept to the front in that form which most appeals to the individual, and all side issues must be brushed aside. The irrelevances we have to meet in this quarter are more numerous and more varied than one could think possible. Jesuits at home, priestcraft in Ireland, scandals in Latin-America, the alleged deterioration of converts, the rejection of Anglican Orders, and the rest; till we do not know whether to complain or rejoice that nothing is said of Pope Joan. But through all this maze of misleading interrogation and imaginary grievances we must stick to the main point, "Where is the Catholic Church?"

Now let us take it point by point, as it must be pressed home upon those who are ripe for the operation.

1. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*

These four words are the writing on the wall by which the Anglican Communion is judged and weighed and found wanting. We may put it to our friends like this: "Whatever meaning you attach to the Church, you must admit that you are separated from the main body of Christendom, not temporarily, but apparently for all time; certainly for your lifetime, which is all you are concerned with. The body to which you belong refuses to submit itself to the judgment of Christendom. If that is not to be accounted separation from the Catholic Church we are dealing with a theory of the Church which puts the art of schism beyond the attainment of man."

We venture to think that this is the clearest and most convincing way to bring the position home to one who has not yet made his submission to the Holy See. Even if such a person has arrived at a true conception of the doctrine of the Papal Supremacy, he is not yet at home in it, and he probably still regards it as surrounded by many historical difficulties. And, therefore, instead of putting the whole strain on a new conception lately attained and not yet wholly mastered, let us show them if we can that the Catholic doctrine is a whole, and that missing the Rock they have mistaken the Building also. In other words let us say, "You have refused the Papacy, and the result, however you may regret it, is that you are unquestionably outside the Catholic Fellowship. Now, that at any rate cannot be right. On the

contrary it establishes the conclusion to which you are coming on other grounds. The Head cannot be separated from the Body, nor the Body from the Head. Where Peter is, there is the Catholic Church."

The following points are merely the elaboration of this main crucial argument.

2. The defence based on the history of the Meletian schism utterly breaks down. Christianity, being a historical religion, must always be liable to harassing arguments based on obscure and difficult incidents in history. It is important not to get lost in a long discussion about problems which are only capable of a probable solution. We must therefore decline to be led into an interminable argument on the respective versions presented by Puller and Rivington. We may put our answer in its broad outlines to our Anglican objector thus:

(a) You have not a single Catholic Bishop, but a group of heretics.

(b) You are not an orthodox body, but an association of Protestants.

(c) It is not a case of doubt whether one of two rival Bishops should be recognized, or both; but a permanent hardened schism.

3. Anglican Christianity is essentially geographical. We do not think any Anglican is prepared to publish a map, showing to what religious body his allegiance is due in every quarter of the globe. It is perhaps enough to say that any such idea as that which defends the English Church in England or in the British Isles or in the British Empire, not only contradicts the unity of the Church but also its Catholicity. But in dealing with those who profess to have abandoned the Branch Theory as an account of their position, it may be well to try and bring home to them that they are still judging their duty as if that theory were true. And so they may be fairly pressed to answer these questions: "What would you do, if you had to spend the rest of your life (1) in France, (2) in Russia?" In our opinion, the careful consideration of these points, not as opportunities for making a score, but as serious tests of a serious position would clear away many cobwebs. A position does not become more tenable, by repudiating the theory on which it has been based.

4. The Anglican Church is fundamentally National. A recent endeavour has been made to evade the force of this

criticism by frankly admitting all that any Catholic could say about the matter, and then maintaining that the Anglican Church is after all only a part of the great Anglican Communion, which is as a body free from any complicity in this matter. The admission made by an Anglican divine of the eminence of Archdeacon Wirgman, of Capetown, is too clear and complete to be forgotten.¹ "The ideal of 'National Churches,' as distinct from the legitimate autonomy of a 'Province,' is utterly foreign to the ideal of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, which is the outcome of Pentecost." He claims for the daughter churches a spiritual freedom, which he admits the home Establishment does not possess. But it is to be feared that that freedom does not include the right to return to Catholic Communion, or, if it does, then it must be granted that these daughter Churches prefer to remain in captivity with their mother than to enjoy the liberty of the people of God.

5. We are entitled to ask and to keep on asking, "What is your authority in faith and morals?" In many cases it will be frankly conceded that the choice lies between the authority of Rome and none at all. It will even sometimes be maintained that the respondent does freely accept the infallible authority of Rome. If he does not, let it be remembered that the daily experience of the confessional is bringing home to Anglican clergy and laity the urgent need of a clear and unquestioned authority by which to interpret the moral law. It cannot be just that an untrained clergyman should decide on his own authority questions of moral theology which may involve the happiness or misery of homes. If he does, let him be asked why he ignores the authority of Rome "in whatsoever belongs to the government and discipline of the Church."

6. The question of Anglican Orders arouses so much ill-feeling, and is really so irrelevant, that it is commonly better to leave it alone. But there are one or two forms in which it must be faced. For instance, an Anglican clergyman may say, "All this is all very well, but I am quite sure of this, that any theory of the Church that involves my not being a priest must be untrue." Of course, a proposition like this is so plainly arbitrary that it strikes the hearer as the acme of unreasonableness. And so it would be if there was not behind the argument the subjective devotional experience of

¹ In the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, No. 24, p. 117.

a lifetime, which it passes the wit of man to disentangle from the claim on which it has been based. And remembering this and the respect which is due to such a man and such a state of mind, it may be worth while to say that, assuming the truth of the Christian Religion, only two views seem fairly open to us, viz., (1) that there is no Christian priesthood; and (2) that there is a priesthood, but only where the Catholic Church acknowledges it. Now the view of the High Anglican is quite distinct from either of these, viz., that there is a priesthood, but only where the High Church Party acknowledges it. Because, after all, there is no other body than the High Church Party that supposes the Anglican Church to possess the Catholic priesthood.

So much may be said about the treatment of the Higher Anglicans from the intellectual point of view. A wise use of argument will remove hindrances and clear up confusions of mind, but it will not often produce conviction. And for one person who can successfully appeal to the head, there are hundreds and thousands who can appeal to the heart. We want to remember all the time that the "Anglo-Catholics" really are trying to hold the Catholic Faith and lead the Catholic life. That is what we have got to work on; and it is an appalling blunder to throw away this great advantage, in order to ram home once and again and times without number the very well known fact that we do not believe them to be Catholics at all.

On the perhaps too rare occasions when a Catholic "talks the whole thing out" with the dissenting minister he does not think it necessary to reiterate at every thousand yards his unshaken conviction that the minister is no minister at all, and his sect beneath contempt. On the contrary he makes the most of common ideals and common aims; and the other things are understood between gentlemen without being expressed. And similar good understandings may perhaps exist between Catholic and would-be-Catholic without a betrayal of the Faith.

No doubt it is quite true that these good people who have lost their way are much more lacking in the Catholic ethos than they have any idea of. But that goes without saying. If the Catholic ethos were found in the Anglican body, we should have to find a new theory of the Anglican Reformation. What they do show is a capacity for learning from us even while they are not in touch with us, which gives hope of

their making excellent converts, when they are once inside the fold.

"We have got to bring home the claims of the Catholic Church to the conscience of the British people." If we had succeeded in this task, the particular problem we have been examining would no longer exist. The extent of "Anglo-Catholicism," is from one point of view the measure of our failure, as it is from another the harbinger of our triumph. It is only by contact that we have partly dispelled the clouds of myth and falsehood that concealed us from our countrymen half a century ago. It is only by contact much more intimate and frequent than is likely to be agreeable to us, that they will have a chance of learning of what sort our religion is, and wherein it matters and makes the difference between one life and another. But given that contact and that experience of the practical worth and power of our Faith, and it will not be possible for Christian people, however prejudiced, to go on for ever mistaking the false for the true.

All along the Strand sweeps the roaring tide of London traffic, and the crowds of rich and poor, busy and idle, noble and vile, throng the steps and precincts of St. Paul's. It stands there, massive and venerable, in the calm dignity of apparent strength, fit symbol of the National Church whose sanctuary it is. But it is built on a bed of sand and the advancing outworks of the Temple of Mammon ever and anon threaten the security of its foundations.

All along Victoria Street hasten carriage and taxi and motor, but aloof and lofty and still is the great Cathedral of Westminster, the Home and Shrine of the King of kings. Men pass from Station to Parliament and see it not as they pass; it stands to them for a backwater that has no concern with their lives. Here a weary politician may come to hear the unearthly music of a bygone civilization. Here a student may ponder the vacillating fortunes of the Eternal City. Here an artist may seek inspiration. Here a convert may whisper a prayer. But the wave of life and adventure and business and sport rolls on unheeding; and God is there, and men know it not.

A. H. NANKIVELL.

Notes on Familiar Prayers.

II. THE SECOND PART OF THE HAIL MARY.

THE discussion upon the origins of the *Ave Maria* which appeared in the February number of this review was intended to be complete in itself. But a document hitherto overlooked seems to provide so valuable a confirmation of the conclusions there arrived at and also to foreshadow in such a remarkable way the ultimate development of the angelic salutation into a prayer, that no excuse can be needed for adding a short supplement to the facts already set out in our previous article. This new source of information consists in a rhythmical composition of the eleventh century, which was certainly in liturgical use some fifty years afterwards, if not from the very time that it was first written. It has been twice edited by Father G. M. Dreves in the invaluable collection known as *Analecta Hymnica*.¹ The text may be printed here exactly as he gives it in vol. I. of that series.

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| | 1. Ave Maria,
gratia plena,
Dominus tecum,
benedicta
tu in mulieribus. |
| 2a. Gratiam
filii tui
quam merito
amissimus,
tu gratia
plena piis repara
precibus. | 2b. Dominum
qui nasciturus
ex te totus
erat tecum,
obtineas
misericordem esse
nobiscum. |
| 3a. Tu super
omnia benedictum
generans benedicta,
nos a mortis
maledicto libera. | 3b. Tu vitæ
porta supernæ et
via cœlestis patriæ,
nos exules
digneris reducere. |
| 4a. Ave gratia plena
et pietate,
quæ genuisti plenum
gratia et veritate. | 4b. Hic nobis et mortis in
hora succurre
ac in orbis examine
nos tuos recognosce. |

¹ See vol. xl. p. 115, and vol. I. p. 363.

Now we have, in the first place, conclusive evidence of the early date, and the relatively wide diffusion of this hymn. It is found in no less than seven manuscripts of the twelfth century, one of which, a gradual now at Stuttgart, can by rare good fortune be assigned to an exact year, *i.e.*, A.D. 1151. But besides these early copies, Father Dreves has found the same hymn in three manuscripts of the thirteenth century, (one of which is the Bodleian codex Canonici. Lit. 340), and in several others of a later period. Further, he considers that the authorship of this rhythmical prose can be assigned with practical certainty to Gottschalk, Monk of Limburg and Canon of Aachen. He was a prominent writer of proses, and died in the year 1098. A certain amount of information has been brought together of recent years concerning this ecclesiastic.¹ He seems to have played rather an important part in the literary world of his day, and among other functions he apparently discharged those of chaplain to the Emperor Henry IV. and must have spent some years at Klingenmünster. It is unnecessary here, to discuss the reasons upon which Father Dreves bases his attribution of this particular composition to Gottschalk. Father Dreves' authority in such matters is undisputed, and no reader who examines the texts ascribed to the same monastic poet can fail to notice the close resemblance of the hymn just printed, both in style and arrangement, to other undisputed products of his pen. Moreover, this *Ave Maria* hymn is found in many cases side by side with Gottschalk's compositions in the earliest manuscripts in which they have been preserved to us.

Turning to the text itself we notice that it is prefaced by an exact transcript of the salutation of the Angel to our Lady, without the greeting of St. Elizabeth. It will perhaps be remembered that in St. Peter Damian's story of the clerk who visited our Lady's altar every day, we are told that "he bowed his head in reverence and chanted this *versicle* of the Angel which the Gospel records: *Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum, benedicta tu in mulieribus*."² Now this is precisely the form in which the *Ave* occurs in Gottschalk, and the point is emphasised by the fact that Gottschalk, a contemporary of St. Peter Damian's, though living in Germany, directly refers

¹ Father Dreves has contributed a small monograph on *Godescalcus Linthurgensis* which forms the first issue of the collection of *Hymnologische Beiträge*, Leipzig, 1897. The information there given has been supplemented by Paul von Winterfield in the *Neues Archiv*, vol. xxvii, 1902, pp. 509—514.

² Migne, P. L., vol. 145, p. 566.

in one of his sermons to "the writings of that Catholic man and bishop Peter Damian."¹ Peter Damian became Cardinal Bishop of Ostia in 1058, and as the tone of the passage in question rather implies that Damian was still alive, we may assume that the sermon was written between 1058 and 1072. That Gottschalk actually learned the use of the angelic salutation from Damian there is no need to suppose, but in any case the fact is certain that already in the eleventh century the practice had come into vogue, not only in Italy but also in Germany, of privately greeting our Lady in the words of the Angel. Hainault is not so very far from Aachen, where Gottschalk was Canon and, as suggested in my previous article, the development of the salutation by the addition of the words of St. Elizabeth seems on solid historical grounds to be assignable to the Hainault district. We need not suppose that the *Ave* was always recited in its longer form, but as this longer form was certainly known and familiar in the early part of the twelfth century, there can be no reason for assuming that only the first four words were used whenever we chance to read of our Lady being saluted with *Aves*.

But the paraphrase we have quoted is also especially interesting in this respect, that it foreshadows in so remarkable a way the direct petition with which our actual form of the Hail Mary concludes. It seems from the beginning to have obscurely felt that the mere greeting of our Lady in the words of the Angel was inadequate unless this salutation was supplemented by some form of actual prayer. Hence each of these stanzas concludes with an appeal and in particular the whole hymn finds its climax in the supplication that the blessed Mother of God would lend her aid to her clients "here (*i.e.* now), and at the hour of death." *Hic nobis et mortis in hora succurre*. It would be too much to suggest that the writer had actually before him a form of *Ave* similar to ours, but it is certainly a noteworthy coincidence that the section 4a contains a distinct reference to the fact of the Divine maternity (*quæ genuisti plenum gratia et veritate*), like our own "blessed is the fruit of thy womb," and that this is followed immediately in 4b by a petition for help "now and at the hour of our death." None the less, I am not aware of

¹ "At cum sanctis suis est Deus in locis exitialibus et infimis sicut in Catholicis viri et episcopi Petri Damiani legitur scriptis, sic dicentis: 'Joseph in cisterna non perit,' etc. (Dreves' *Godescalcus*, p. 142). Even though the quotation has not been identified, there can be no possible doubt that Gottschalk had studied the writings of Peter Damian.

any other fragment of evidence which would point to the existence in the eleventh or twelfth century of an *Ave* formula which added a petition to the combined salutation of the Angel and St. Elizabeth. The earliest traces of a "second part" of the Hail Mary seem to be found in the poetic paraphrase of the *Ave Maria*, assigned (incorrectly) to Dante, but probably written by a contemporary of his. In any case the author ends with the prayer:¹ "O Blessed Virgin do thou continually pray to God for us that He may pardon us and give us grace so to live here below, that paradise may be bestowed upon us at our end." But from this date onwards such supplementary clauses occasionally are met with, especially in popular versions of the *Ave Maria*. It is to be remembered that in the Middle Ages, right down to the Reformation, the *Ave* was always publicly recited aloud in Latin, and the Latin form was also that most commonly employed even by the poorest and most uneducated in their private devotions. None the less, vernacular renderings were written for the purpose of making the Latin words more intelligible to the people, and these were often versified. Here is a French example belonging to the early fourteenth century, but interesting to us because it was probably first written and in use here in England in the reign of Edward II.

Dieu vous sauve Marie,
De grace replenie
Li Sires est en vous.
De tut femmes que sunt
Parney ceste mounde
Beneit seex vus !
E beneit seit le frut
Q'en vostre ventre crust,
Jhesu li tres duz ! Amen.²

The addition of the holy name Jesus, often attributed to Pope Urban IV. (1261—1264), is here duly met with, but there is no indication of any second part. In Lydgate's rather wordy paraphrase and exposition of the *Ave Maria* a century later, he also seems to regard the formula proper as ending with the words *Jesus Christus, Amen*, but none the less

¹ O Virgin benedetta, sempre tu
Ora pro noi a Dio, che ci perdoni,
E diaci grazia a viver si guaggiù,
Che'l paradiso al nostro fin ci doni.

² Printed by Paul Meyer in *Romania*, Vol. xv., p. 332.

he adds a supplementary stanza beginning: "Now farewell, Lady, and pray for us" which ends with the words:

Help us fayre lady this lyfe while we drive,
And after our endyng, God send us heaven. Amen.

Earlier in any case than Lydgate, St. Bernardine of Siena (he died in 1444), in his sermons, shows his familiarity with a supplement to the Latin text of the *Ave* which was then evidently in popular use. Reciting the *Ave* to his audience, he says on coming to the words *et benedictus fructus ventris tui*, "nor can I refrain from adding *Santa Maria ora pro nobis peccatoribus*." As he uses the same final clause in another of his sermons,¹ there can be little doubt that he was quite familiar with a "second part" consisting of just these six words "Holy Mary pray for us sinners." By Savonarola's time († 1498), as has been previously pointed out in THE MONTH,² the entire *Ave Maria*, exactly as we have it now, with the single exception of the word *nostræ*, was printed by him as the text of his commentary upon the Hail Mary. At about the same date in the *Compost et Calendrier des Bergiers* repeatedly printed in Paris, we find the clause regularly added "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners. Amen," and as this book was translated and printed in English in 1503, this supplement must almost immediately have become familiar to our countrymen. Furthermore in the great folio Sarum Breviary of 1531 we have the whole of the Hail Mary to all intents and purposes as it stands at present. The only differences are that the word *Christus* was inserted after *Jesus*, and that the word *nostræ* before the *Amen* does not occur.

Still, there are not wanting remarkable indications that the memory of an older truncated Hail Mary survived for centuries after the full modern form had been adopted in the Roman Breviary of Pope Pius V. The statement previously made in these pages that the Holy Marys are often spoken of in Ireland as if this was a distinct prayer from the Hail Mary, has been confirmed by many independent witnesses. What is still more remarkable, it seems that in the Diocese of Toul, down to the time of Calmet († 1757), and probably much later, a form of *Ave* was used at the beginning of Office, which consisted only of the words *Ave Maria gratia plena*. This custom, curiously enough, is said to have been introduced by

¹ See *Opera* (Ed. Venice 1845), Vol. iv. p. 94 and pp. 226, 227.

² See THE MONTH, November, 1901, where the woodcuts of the *Calendar of Shepherds*, illustrating the last part of the Hail Mary, are reproduced.

Bishop Henri de Ville in the fifteenth century, at which date nobody disputes that the whole of the "first part" down to *Jesus Christus, Amen*, was commonly recited by all.

III. THE REGINA CÆLI.

The season of the year at which this issue of THE MONTH appears, suggests that a few words may not be out of place concerning the antiphon of our Lady which is specially consecrated to the paschal season. If we could attach any importance to the highly poetical legend which connects the *Regina Cæli* with the name of Pope Gregory the Great, we should have to infer that of the four antiphons of our Lady now preserved in the Roman Breviary, the *Regina Cæli* is the oldest in date.¹ In point of fact, the available evidence suggests that the exact contrary is true. This short hymn is much younger in date than either the *Alma Redemptoris*, the *Ave Regina Cælorum*, or the *Salve Regina*, and the so-called tradition connecting it with St. Gregory is an historically worthless fable which cannot be traced further back than the *Legenda Aurea* of James de Voragine, compiled about the year 1275. Late as it is, however, the legend is now so inseparably associated with the *Regina Cæli*, that it is impossible to pass it over in silence.

The story attaches to the great plague which devastated Rome in the year 590, and in which the reigning Pontiff, Pope Pelagius, lost his life. St. Gregory, who was elected his successor, seems, even before his election was confirmed, to have been charged with the administration of ecclesiastical affairs. In any case by his direction "a sevenfold litany," or penitential procession, was organized to make its way to St. Mary Major with the view of appeasing the anger of God. Of this undoubtedly historical event accounts have been left us by such writers as Gregory of Tours, Paul the Deacon, and John the Deacon, and these authorities have even preserved for us a summary of the sermon which was preached by St. Gregory in his appeal to the people. The address laid some stress upon the idea of God smiting His people with the edge of the sword,² and this phrase seems to have supplied

¹ I am sorry to confess that in *Lent and Holy Week* I have given currency to a statement to this effect, having found it in an older authority.

² "Ecce cuncta plebs cælestis iræ mucrone percutitur . . . Imminente ergo tantæ animadversionis gladio nos importunis fletibus insistimus." See Greg.

a suggestion which in the course of a few centuries clothed itself in a definite legend. The procession, it was then pretended, had made its way to St. Peter's and had thus crossed the Ælian bridge near the Mausoleum of Hadrian. As St. Gregory looked up at this lofty structure, which was even then a sort of fortified citadel, he saw on the summit the figure of the Archangel St. Michael in the act of sheathing his sword. From this moment the pestilence ceased. As Father Grisar, Gregorovius, Dudden, and a number of other modern critics have pointed out, our authentic historical materials contradict this late story in several details, and in particular prove that the plague was not suddenly arrested after St. Gregory's procession. No trace of the legend is to be found until more than three hundred years after the event, while another fable which is connected with the same incident is of considerably later growth. According to this, St. Gregory had the picture of our Lady painted by St. Luke carried in the procession, and when this came to the bridge a troop of angels hovered above the picture and were heard singing the words:

Regina coeli laetare, Alleluia,
Quia quem meruisti portare, Alleluia,
Resurrexit sicut dixit, Alleluia,

and then when the angels ceased, St. Gregory finished the quatrain by adding the line:

Ora pro nobis Deum, Alleluia.

Of this last story no trace seems to be found earlier than the *Legenda Aurea* of James de Voragine in the second half of the thirteenth century, but once it had taken shape in this picturesque form, it became very popular, and it is indisputable that, towards the close of the Middle Ages, the great Roman procession on St. Mark's day used always when it came to the bridge of St. Angelo to break out into the words of the *Regina celi*.

Turning from legend to sober history, it would seem from the data collected by Father C. Blume,¹ one of the highest living authorities on hymnology, that no earlier text of the *Regina Cæli* has yet been discovered than that contained in an Antiphony in the Vatican Library (Cod. Archivii S. Petri, Turon. H.F. x. 1; Paulus Diac., c. 9; Joannes Diac., c. 41; and cf. Tarducci, *Storia di S. Gregorio Magno*, pp. 73-82; Dudden, *Life of Gregory the Great*, i. pp. 217, 218; Grisar, *Gregorio Magno*, pp. 30, 31.

¹ See the *Kirchliches Handlexikon*, s. v. (II. 1706).

B. 79). This has commonly been attributed to the twelfth century, but Father Blume shows that it cannot be of older date than the year 1171, and that it should be more probably assigned to the beginning of the century next following. The next earliest codex known to contain it is a Franciscan Breviary, written about the year 1235 and now preserved at Munich. That this chant was in favour among the Franciscans as early as the year 1249 we know from Wadding (*Annales*, i. 703).¹ In both manuscripts the text of the antiphon is practically identical with that in use at the present day. The versicle and response which are now familiar do not seem to be as old as the antiphon itself. In a fifteenth century manuscript of the Day Hours now at Treves the versicle runs:

V. Gaude Dei genetrix Virgo Maria, Alleluia. R. Quia surrexit filius tuus, Alleluia.

But more especially Father Blume has pointed out that the *Regina Cæli* itself cannot be described as an original and independent hymn. It is simply an adaptation of a Christmas hymn in honour of our Lady which can be shown to be of twelfth century date by manuscripts coming from Seckau and St. Maur-les-Fossés. This Christmas antiphon runs thus:

Maria Virgo semper lætare
Quæ meruisti Christum portare,
Coeli et terræ conditorem,
Quia de tuo utero protulisti mundi salvatorem.

These views of Father Blume regarding the relative lateness of the *Regina Cæli*, are confirmed by the fact that there is little or no mention of the antiphon among the collections of Mary stories, such for example as the huge *Mariale* of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, or that of Trinity College, Dublin. The *Salve Regina*, the *Alma Redemptoris*, and even the *Ave Regina cælorum* are often included or alluded to in books of devotion; (thus, for example, both the *Alma Redemptoris* and the *Ave Regina* are recommended for frequent recitation in the *Ancræn Riwle* c. 1200), but there is no mention of the *Regina Cæli*. Even in the *Horæ* and Primers, printed and manuscript, of the late fifteenth century the *Regina Cæli* is rarely found; neither was it included in the *Sarum Breviary*. Still, it was used in England as a processional antiphon, and may be met with in the *Processionale* of Sarum,² though not apparently in that of York.

¹ He quotes the text of the letter of John of Parma mentioned below.

² See Henderson's edition, p. 171.

That this antiphon has now been adopted by the universal Church as one of the four consecrated to the special honour of our Lady, is undoubtedly due to Franciscan influence. The Roman Breviary of the present day, as has been made clear both by Dom Bäumer, and even more fully by Mgr. Batiffol, has developed out of the Franciscan "Breviarium," or abridgment, of the Office of the Roman Curia. Now we have indisputable evidence in the shape of a letter of John of Parma, already alluded to, that the same four antiphons of our Lady now in general use, were sung by the Franciscans after Compline as early as the year 1249.¹ Further, the *Rubricae novae*, which Mgr. G. Mercati has shown to be the work of Peter Amelius († 1401), prove that the *Regina celi* was sung during Paschal time in the Office of the Roman Curia, then of course at Avignon, by the direction of Pope Clement VI. in 1350. No doubt the *Regina* had previously been known to the Roman liturgy, but at its first appearance in the Antiphonary of St. Peter's, it had simply been used as an antiphon in the course of the ordinary paschal Vespers, and not in its present conspicuous position after Compline.

These details suggest that the *Regina celi* was likely to be most familiar in Italy and France, but Franciscan influence was all-pervasive, and apart from the testimony of English manuscripts,² we have at least one clear piece of evidence which shows that this antiphon was popularly known in medieval England. This is the paraphrase of the famous Dan Lydgate, monk of Bury, written in the first half of the fifteenth century. We quote the first three stanzas from the recent edition of Lydgate's Minor Poems, published by the Early English Text Society.

O thou joyfull lyght ! eternall ye shyne,
 In glory with laureat coronall,
 Descended from David, worthyest on line,
 Modyr to your soverayne, and Lord imperiall ;
 Elect to grace from synne oryginall,
 Floure of cleneness and pure virginite !
 Sith ye be mayde and moder in speciall
Regina celi letare.

¹ The text of the letter is quoted from Wadding by Batiffol, *Roman Breviary* (Eng. Edit. 1912), p. 162, note. Cf. Mercati in *Rassegna Gregoriana*, 1903.

² Julian, *Dictionary of Hymnology*, p. 1692, quotes several English fourteenth century manuscripts in which it is found.

Remember Lady, how synne was cause
 Of your preferring to hygh worthyness,
 Howe ye exclude by text outhur [or] clause
 They that causyd you all thys worthyness
 Thynke, nature in you dyd all hys besyness
 Of all faire to set you the soveraynte ;
 Yet for us dyed the son of ryghtwsness,
Et tu meruisti ipsum portare.

O felix culpa! Thus may we syng,
 Reioysyng in your ladyes high honour,
 So many thousand to have undyr your wyng
 Thorough the byrthe of that blessed creatour
 That lyst to dy, that were dettour,
 So verry God and man with good chere ;
 Thy blessyd son, thyn own fygure,
Resurrexit sicut dixit.

If we could suppose that Lydgate was copying exactly the forms with which he was familiar we should have a rather different text, of which the last line in particular runs, *Ora pro nobis tunc apud Deum*. But when the poet ends off his last stanza with the words, *Dicamus omnes Alleluya*, it must be plain that he is not simply quoting from a fixed liturgical form.

With regard to the use of the *Regina celi* during paschal time in place of the *Angelus*, it will be sufficient to note that this is a practice of comparatively modern introduction. It seems to have originated with an instruction issued by Pope Benedict XIV. in the year 1743. In the rubric, however, directing that the *Regina* is to be said standing, we have an interesting link with a custom of the earliest ages of Christianity. The injunction that on Sunday and in paschal time Christians should pray standing may be traced back to the time of Tertullian, and is enforced in a decree of the ever memorable first Council of Nicea.

HERBERT THURSTON.

Gracechurch Papers.

XV. TRIMPLEY.

OUR end of the town and Trimpley were never, as the Gracechurch phrase would have put it, very *great*. Everyone knew everyone else, at all events to *move to*; not that we were apt to pass each other with a bow when we met in the street, for we were seldom in a hurry and most of us liked conversation; but, though Trimpley and Church Street exchanged calls, mutually inquired after each other's health and relations, and compared notes as to servants, Trimpley end was chiefly intimate with Trimpley, and Church Street with Church Street end, including St. John's Hill and the Mount.

On the left hand side of the road as you entered Gracechurch from the railway-station, which was not in the town (the advent of the railway at all was still a grievance when we arrived) there were four genteel residences, and on the other side were the lodge-gate and miniature park of one. That one was called White Place and was originally built as a dower-house for a widowed Mrs. White of White Hall. In our time there were no more Whites, for White Hall had been sold to Mr. Galt, and White Place had been sold too. Both had been bought by strangers who had made money in the new railways, whereby, in the opinion of Gracechurch, such lamentable harm had been done to England. In White Place lived Mr. Chess, and his niece, Miss Parthia Chess (if she had been Gracechurch born there would, of course, have been four of her), and if you protest against the impossibility of her Christian name, I can only say that it wasn't my fault. In church we sat immediately behind the White Place pew, and I could always see St. Simon and St. Jude reflected in the bald part of Mr. Chess's head from the nearest window in the south aisle. He was a tall, straight, very clean-looking old gentleman, always dressed in the same shiny black broadcloth, and immaculate white shirt and tie, and his neat features never expressed anything except prosperity. One

could not imagine his ever being very glad of anything or very sorry for anything—or anybody. Miss Parthia, though a niece, was not youthful, but her costume leant that way, especially in summer, when she came to church in flowery silks and a lace shawl: her bonnets were both feathery and flowery, and indeed fruity too, and bore no particular reference to her dress, but they were, so to speak, always in season: thus they displayed primroses, and violets, in spring; lilac, syringa and hawthorn about May; and geraniums and verbenas in summer. I remember on her head some red and white currants so lifelike that it spoke volumes for the honesty of our Gracechurch birds that they did attempt to eat them.

Not very long after our coming to Gracechurch Mr. Chess died, which did not seem to make much difference to anybody, except that Miss Parthia ceased to be a niece, and burst out into full bloom as an aunt, with troops of nephews and nieces of her own: they were said to come generically from Liverpool, but they none of them matched or were each other's brothers and sisters. In a more censorious place they might, perhaps, have been described as a little vulgar, but in Gracechurch it was not usual to speak as though genteel inhabitants could have vulgar relations. We took each other for granted; and it is not a bad plan.

Though no one at our end of the town had ever known Miss Chess well, it was a great shock even to Church Street when she died. For she was found dead in her bath one Christmas Eve, when her house was crammed with nieces and nephews; which proves that Christmas Day fell that year on a Sunday.

White Place was taken furnished by Captain Nore (a retired Naval commander), and of him we shall have more to say.

The high wall enclosing the fifteen-acre park of White Place ate up all that side of Trimpley: but, opposite, as we have said, were four houses in which "gentry resided"—nearer the town were a dozen less eligible dwellings in which inferior people merely lived: an exciseman; a brewer, who had retired from the manufacture of beer to consume it; a draper, also retired, whose leisure was sustained by the same means; Mr. Dovey, the ironmonger, who had filled the dwelling-rooms over his corner-shop with ploughs and other implements (the ploughs had to enter by the parlour bow-window, as if they had been pianos); and others whom I do

not remember. In one of those houses lodged Mr. Burgoyne, who taught me Latin, and became my relation-in-law.

As to the four genteel residences, it was to the corner one, nearest the station, that Mr. Llewellyn Tudor withdrew from the Mount when his mother died and left him an orphan of sixty. He there read the newspaper and cultivated bulbs, when not out walking with a top-hat on the back of his head, a malacca cane under his arm, and a wheezy spaniel labouring along behind him, till Pompey thought he had gone far enough, when the sagacious animal would sit down and await his master's return.

Next door lived Mrs. Hudson, a widow, of course, relict of an American gentleman whom Gracechurch vaguely believed to have been a planter, but had never seen. He had left her a competence, and she entertained Trimpley at supper-parties with a good many hot dishes, and whist before and after. I often saw her in the town, and sometimes at church—she suffered from a chronic asthma that our Saturday fogs often rendered acute. In winter we were subject to fogs, and it was remarked how frequently they would come on of a Saturday night. "I'm one of those," Mrs. Hudson would observe to her neighbour, Dr. Blackfold, "that can make a Sabbath of their own armchair and fireside."

"That's true religion," the doctor would agree, "and churches are windy places—I sometimes fancy it comes from the pulpit."

Mrs. Hudson was short and plump, with a round face, and a good many flaxen curls; she dressed prosperously, though her clothes never seemed to be new, and looked rather like Mrs. Thorn with all the character left out.

Dr. and Mrs. Blackfold lived next door, and the doctor was scientific and cynical. He did not practice, and was very comfortable on his wife's money and his own pension: he had been a ship's surgeon and Mrs. Blackfold alluded to his naval days, but I doubt if they had been royal naval days. Dr. Hart declared he had poisoned a first-mate (inadvertently, of course), and had been given a bonus to retire, by the Company.

He was an odd-looking person, with a high colour, and abundant white locks, that curled about his ears under his rakishly tilted top-hat; he had a roving eye (two, in fact), and a mischievous, sharp chin. His trousers were not nautical, being very tight, but he always wore a pea-jacket, too short

for him; and, as he skipped jauntily along the street, he switched the air with a gold-headed ebony stick.

Mrs. Blackfold thought him irresistible, and was delightedly jealous of his ogling eye that wandered where it listed. She thought herself scientific by marriage, and had learned to know what she was supposed to see down his microscope, though she confessed to me once that she could never shut one eye without the other, and when both were open could see only the pattern of the table-cloth. His conversation was apt to be a trifle "free," like his thought, and his wife attributed both to his profundity in science, and was proud of both accordingly, but would say

"Fie, doctor, fie! You'll teach Master Ayscough your s'eptical views: and a glass of sherry and some macaroons would be better for him."

"Master Johnnie is fortified against infection by his belief in Apostolic Succession," the doctor retorted with a grin (I was about ten at the date of this remark and had not the least idea what he meant by Apostolic Succession, but already I was notoriously High Church—for Gracechurch. Perhaps Mrs. Blackfold knew as little what he meant as I did).

"If his Mamma wishes him to believe in Apostolic Seccession," she observed good-naturedly, "he's fully right to believe in it."

Macaroons and sherry apart, she was very kind to me; and so, in his way, was he. He talked with a kind of scoff in his manner, and gave the impression of considering this planet slightly ridiculous, which disconcerted me, as I could not disguise from myself the fact that I lived on it: but he took a good deal of interest in the other planets, and had a fine telescope through which he cultivated his intimacy with them; and he would invite my mother and myself to look through it at Saturn's rings and Jupiter's moons: after which we had shrimp sandwiches and negus. Mrs. Blackfold thought outdoor astronomy at night dangerous to the health without negus. On other occasions we were invited to spend the evening looking down his best microscope (for he had two), and the doctor would show us all the insides of a flea, which he explained with such minute knowledge that, remembering Dr. Hart's anecdote, I could not help wondering whether, if that first-mate had been a flea, he might have been alive still. Once Dr. Blackfold lent me his second-best microscope to take home, with permission to retain it for a week. When the

day to return it arrived I took it back with horrible misgivings: a visitor had sat upon one of the slides and broken it in two: and to confess this mishap was truly frightful.

"Well, you're punctual to a day," said the doctor, "I said a week, and that was Thursday, and it's Thursday again."

Nothing could be clearer: but then I had broken a slide.

"Do you find the room warm, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Blackfold, "you seem flushed. I'd give you a glass of water, but it might chill you. We'll make it a pear—our jargonels are as juicy as a bunch o' grapes."

"No: it's not the room . . . Dr. Blackfold, I do beg your pardon: only that won't mend it—I know how kind you were lending me the microscope, and I'd rather have broken anything of my own; I know you must feel angry——"

"Have you broke the microscope, my dear?" asked Mrs. Blackfold mildly.

"No, not the microscope: but a slide, one of the slides showing part of a spider's elbow—I *wish* I could tell you how sorry I am, Dr. Blackfold."

"Pooh! It would cost, perhaps, fourpence, if you bought it. But I didn't. I made it: and spiders aren't rare. One spider would make fifty slides . . ."

He laughed, and rolled his head, and really it was very good of him to make a joke of my mishap. I reproached myself for sometimes thinking his bantering tone unpleasant. But I always liked his wife best of the two, though she was not so clever. She took me there and then into the garden to get the pear, and told me of her baby, dead long before I was born: it had only lived six months, but had been like an angel. "I often envy your mamma her three boys," she said with a little pucker of the lips as if she was trying not to cry, "indeed, I envy the poor people theirs—they often have so many, and I never had but one. She was as like her papa as this pear is like that."

I asked Mrs. Thorn afterwards if she had ever seen Mrs. Blackfold's baby.

"Yes, oh yes, I saw her. A wizzly little image—a deal more like the doctor than an angel. A gripey-looking little thing, with *his* chin, and sharp eyes. It's more like an angel now, I reckon, but not so like the doctor."

In the next house to Dr. and Mrs. Blackfold lived a Mrs. Flint and her son, Roddy Flint, who was a captain in the Yeomanry, and liked to be given his military title. Mrs.

Flint was a very old lady and was said to be related to a baronet, but nobody saw much of her, as she was nearly bed-ridden, and so deaf that it was a trouble to her to listen when strangers tried to make her hear. Roddy's good point was his kindness to her, but it was his only one, and when she died all his goodness was gone—at least, so far as this world's scrutiny goes. Let us hope that somewhere else it may be remembered in his favour that he was an affectionate and attentive son to a rather querulous, sour old woman who thought him perfect. He was rather handsome in a raffish, unpleasant fashion: dressed loudly and talked loudly, was selfish, dissipated (even in Gracechurch one could be dissipated if one was determined to be so) and good-for-nothing. He affected a military air, and swaggered in what he took to be the military style: his sandy hair and whiskers were dyed grate-colour—no other black is quite the same, or I would seek a more poetic simile: and his voice had a winey roll in it. Nobody could have taken more thought for his raiment, and no raiment could have expressed him more fatally than that which he affected. His jackets would have made anyone look a snob, and his hats would have made an Archbishop look disreputable. But, alas, poor Elsie Fallow thought him fine, and Captain Flint was as willing as man could be to be fallen in love with: to fall in love himself was as far out of his power as it was for him to feel like a gentleman. He had flirted since he was sixteen, and at six and thirty he could do nothing better.

The Fallows also lived in Trimpley, but at the wrong end—in the row of houses where no genteel families resided. Mr. Fallow had been a farmer and had "failed," a very rare thing among our Rentshire farmers, who were mostly well-to-do, prosperous people, with a good bit of private capital, men who hunted and could afford it, drove their wives and daughters in to church on Sunday mornings in comfortable waggonettes, and sent their sons to good schools at Rentminster or Gracechester. But Lester Fallow, with scarcely any capital, had taken a farm too big for him to stock properly, had married early, for love, and had many children, all daughters, several of whom died after living long enough to cost him a good deal in doctor's bills. He was often ill himself, and nothing seemed to prosper with him; then came the cattle-plague year, and he lost nearly all his stock, which he had no money to replace without borrowing. Six months

after his bankruptcy he died, and, dying, told his wife that, but for her sake, he would be glad of the rest.

The house where the widow and her four daughters lived was the smallest and least desirable in Trimpley, it had no garden at the back, and only a tiny plot in front: but, small as it was, there was hardly enough furniture to fill it, for they had been sold up when the failure came. It was a dull, gloomy-looking cottage, always shaded by a big bay-tree that flourished derisively in the next garden.

When the dead man's funeral had been paid for, his widow had not two pounds in the world, and she had no income whatever. But she and her girls worked incessantly, and all our ladies were glad to help them by giving them sewing and embroidery to do, which they did beautifully. Mrs. Thorn told me they had always been respected, poor as they were: for they never got in debt a penny, and lived to themselves, never mixing with the shop-folk, who were far better off, or making any attempt to scrape acquaintance with the class above them. She believed that they scarcely ever ate meat, even on Sundays, and lived mostly on bread and potatoes.

"I've sent them a fowl now and then," she said, "and a spare-rib, when we killed a pig, or a sassage; but not as often as I'd have liked, for Mrs. Fallow had a high way with her, and when folks has nought left but their bit o' proper pride it's hard to hurt it."

In the late Rector's time there had been what was called a Saturday-class, and Mr. Knight had specially invited Elsie Fallow to attend it, though it was chiefly attended by the young ladies belonging to the genteel families. Mrs. Thorn told me that her own girl, Lettice, had often spoken of Elsie's beauty and ladylike, modest ways: but, though all the Gracechurch young ladies saw her every week, and had a sort of acquaintance with her, it never, with any of them, got beyond an out-door acquaintance as you might call it.

"I did call on the mother," Mrs. Thorn explained, "but I saw she didn't like it. I suppose she didn't care for folks to see how little there was in the room—no carpet, and just a chair or two and a table to work on. What can you do? You can't offer to give a lady a carpet, nor yet a arm-chair, tho' I'm sure we've carpets rolled up as she'd ha' been welcome to, and nobody ever sits in the armchairs in our north-room and isn't likely to. She was civil—but civil and

strange, and I wished myself gone. 'You'll come and see me, Mrs. Fallow, won't you?' says I, as I got up to come away. 'My girl thinks a lot of your daughter, and, if you'd bring her, Lettice would be very glad.' 'Well no, Mrs. Thorn,' says she, and I couldn't help liking her for speaking so straight, tho' I was cross too, 'we've no time for visit-ing; neither Elsie nor me. Every hour's visiting would be an hour taken from work, and work is all we have to look to. I'm a widow . . . ' 'And so am I,' I put in, but she put me down. 'Yes,' she said, with a sort of hard smile, and brushing away what I'd to say with her hand (and a lady's hand it was). 'Yes; but I'm a very poor one, as I have no need to tell you. Work has kept us out of debt, and a home over our heads: but if we neglect the work there's nothing to make up for it.' I tried to put in another word—for the girl's sake: for Elsie wasn't a widow, and it seemed hard that a young girl should be made to feel like one. I thought at our house with my sweet girl she'd feel younger and brighter like. But her mother would not have it. She set me down as I couldn't have put up with it if she'd been a rich woman. 'You're very kind, Mrs. Thorn,' she says in her far-off way. 'I know you mean kindly. But Elsie must learn to live as we *must* live. And, Mrs. Thorn, if you won't be offended, let me thank you for the presents you've so kindly sent. But it's best to eat what you can earn, and if we can't earn dainties we should not eat them.' I knew she was forbidding me to send her the sorts of bits of things—a duck or a loin o' pork or that; dainties indeed! as I'd sent at an odd time. So I had to get away as I could, and do as she bid me; tho' it's hard too, to sit down to a good table and think o' neighbours, better born, maybe, than yourself, with nought, of a Sunday even, but potatoes and salt."

"I think she was very proud," said I, not altogether admiring Mrs. Fallow.

"Nay, Johnnie. When poor gentry has nought but pride in the cupboard it's natural they should keep it. It can't be a bad thing as keeps them honest and respectable, and no one could ever say in Gracechurch as Mrs. Fallow owed him a shilling. I doubt the Lord, as took all the rest away, won't grudge her that. And how could I push on her? Her father, they say, was a curate wi' a dozen children, but a gentleman, and it's like enough she was remembering all the time what *my* father was."

When we came to Gracechurch Elsie Fallow was only eighteen, and in that same year her mother died and Captain Flint proposed to marry the orphan girl. Why he did so nobody could quite understand, though everybody said she was too good for him. Old Mrs. Flint was also dead, and Roddy was supposed to have over two hundred, perhaps nearly three, a year. Worthless as he was himself, it could not seem a bad match for a penniless girl, and it was generally hoped she would make a respectable man of him. Everybody called upon her now, for the name of Flint was a good one, and it was not forgotten that the Captain's mother had titled relations. For a time it seemed as if Elsie really was succeeding in making her husband give over drinking at all events, but he was as fond of billiards as ever, and soon he resumed his attachment to brandy also. The billiards and brandy were connected with a taste for betting, and it is not as true as it is proverbial that the devil looks after his own—at least the truth lies apart from the ordinary meaning of the phrase. The devil may have hept an eye on Captain Flint, but he did not send him luck, and he lost pretty heavily.

In the early summer of the second year after their marriage the usual Yeomanry training came on, and the captain informed his wife that he had to go to Rentminster to take part in it. He went, but he did not come back: and in due time it appeared that Captain Roddy had left England altogether. There was one child already, and another was born a month or two after the father's disappearance. With two babies Elsie found herself penniless and much worse than a widow—at twenty years of age. Her sisters Maggie and Kate were twins and only a year younger than herself. One of them had found a place as nursery governess in a farmer's family, the other the Miss Gibbs had taken into their school, where she taught embroidery and all sorts of fancy work, and looked after the mending of the pupils' clothes. The Miss Gibbs loudly declared that she more than earned her keep and small salary. The youngest of Mrs. Flint's sisters was nearly eighteen, and, being tall and very sedate, looked, perhaps, a little older: for her also the kind Miss Gibbs found a situation in another school, somewhere in Wales, kept by cousins of their own.

So Mrs. Flint had not her sisters on her hands, but, with her two babies and no income, it was hard enough for her as it was. She took one cheap room and set about earning a

living, as before her marriage, by needlework and millinery. One night, after dark, Mrs. Pay, who was by far the more fashionable (and expensive) of our two Gracechurch dress-makers and milliners, called upon her: her heart was as warm as her complexion, and she had been turning over in her mind how to be of use to the poor deserted young lady.

"Mrs. Flint, ma'am," she said, rather breathlessly, when the door was shut, for the stairs were steep, and she was not thin. "I must ask you to excuse the liberty I'm taking: but I came late on purpose so as no one should see me come. I know that you are thinking to add to your income by a little pretty millinery and that——"

"I have no income," said Mrs. Flint, but she spoke in plain simplicity without any of the defiant hardness her mother would have used. "And it's not only pretty work I'm ready to do, but any sort. . . . I hope you don't think it wrong of me, as if I was trying to injure your custom?"

"Not the least in life, ma'am. If you was to set up a shop next door to mine you'd have as good a rights as I had. But, of course, there's no idea of any such thing. You only wish to pass the time with a little work at home. Well, Mrs. Flint, ma'am; if you'll overlook my boldness in coming, what I'd like to say is this. You couldn't be asking for orders; it isn't likely: and there's more profit in the pretty millinery than in the heavy dress-making, and the work easier—if you've a taste for it. And, ma'am, you've a lovely taste: you could make a more lady-like bonnet, more distangy, out o' ten shillings' worth o' material, than I could out of a pound's worth—and that's the truth, though it's between ourselves. I could put a deal of custom in your way—but if I was to say to ladies, 'You go to Mrs. Flint,' you mightn't like it, and the ladies might be offended too, thinking as I didn't care whether I had their custom myself or lost it: and I couldn't afford that. But if you'd let me take their orders and give you the work to do, for me, it would be between ourselves, no one need be a penny the wiser; and I could put a good bit of work in your way without you having to look about for it. I could afford to give you as much as you'd ask the ladies—for I know what ladies are, they never look to pay shop price for what don't come out of a shop; and you'd be under no obligations to me, for I should put on my own profit, never you fear, ma'am. I know as you'd turn out a thirty shillin' bonnet with ten or twelve shillings' worth

o' stuff, and I'll be bound you never charge the ladies half what you ought?"

Herethe good woman paused, for she was slightly inquisitive as to what the ladies did pay.

"I should not think of asking more than seven and six for making a bonnet out of somebody's own materials," Mrs. Flint answered readily.

Mrs. Pay threw up one hand, in a well-cleaned glove, and laughed.

"There! See how you'd spoil the market on me! The lady 'ud get her bonnet for seventeen or eighteen shillings; and none of 'em 'ud *look* at any o' mine priced under thirty. And I don't believe as one of 'em 'ud wear for *best* a bonnet as cost under: ladies is like that. That girl o' mine put the wrong prices on two, not a month gone; thirty shillings on one as the material was worth a guinea, and forty-five and six on one as I'd made up out of bits I had. Mrs. Gwynn wouldn't look at the best, when she saw the ticket—though by far the prettiest. 'I niver wore a bonnet under two sovereigns in my life,' said she, and bought the dearest. But I've bits by me now, silk, flowers, feathers, ribbons and that, as *you'd* work up into half a dozen lovely bonnets, I'll lay a crown; and if you're willin' to do it, I'll bring them round myself to-morrow night. I'll give forty-five shillings for the six and be sure of getting my money back on the first I sell—or I don't know how to sell, and I ought. (There's ladies as I should not think of lettin' out o' my showroom *under* a bonnet); and pr'aps you'd be just as clever with a mantle—but, if you say 'Yes,' I've the money in my pocket now, and ready-money's an understood thing in a case like this. Trade and credit's own sisters. But it's not for ladies like you, credit isn't; you'd never know how to make it pay its way."

Thus it came about that Mrs. Flint got a good deal of work, and Mrs. Pay had the satisfaction of dispensing with a certain assistant whom she considered needlessly attractive in an establishment whose mistress had a husband rather susceptible to female beauty.

About six months before Captain Flint's disappearance Captain Nore came to Gracechurch and took the house at the corner of Trimpley, to which later on Mr. Llewellyn Tudor retired on his mother's death. Old Mrs. Tudor was still alive when the naval captain arrived, and he was some relation of hers, of a very high family, Gracechurch understood, and ex-

tremely well off. His father's brother was a Viscount, and his grandfather was a famous Admiral who had been made a peer after the Battle of Trafalgar. Captain Nore's mother had been, it was said, a very wealthy lady, and the Captain was her only child. He was not much above thirty when he came to Gracechurch, and was still a handsome man: but his good looks were not at all of the same sort as Captain Flint's. He was "all over a gentleman," as Miss Broom observed, and there was a very pleasant air of honesty and manly simplicity about him. He dressed neatly, but evidently without much thought as to his clothes; and it could hardly be counted a fault that he was a bachelor—there were so many families with four young ladies in them, that he need not remain one.

Alas! he showed no disposition to fall in love, and some people said he would look for a title, which no Gracechurch lady was in a position to provide. The truth was he was not looking for anything: but, without looking for her, he often saw Mrs. Flint, and nobody was more full of indignant pity for her when her wretched husband ran away. But he was a young man, and a bachelor, and could be of no service to her. And, unfortunately for her, she was not a widow. Captain Flint left her alone and penniless, but he presently informed her that he was alive and well. The ship which took him to the Cape was wrecked, and the news in due time reached Gracechurch, and we heard that many of the passengers and crew were drowned.

Mrs. Thorn scoffed at the idea of his being among the number. "Unless halters grow ready-made in the sea," she declared, "he's alive; you'll see else."

And she was right. In process of time Captain Flint wrote from the Cape to assure his wife that she might dry her tears. "Some botherin' raft or other had saved him," as Mrs. Thorn told me: though he had fulfilled her prophecy, she did not forgive him for being alive.

He wrote about once a year, for two or three years, but never gave any address to which any reply could be sent. At last, ten years after his treacherous flight, an English newspaper, in a paragraph copied from a Cape Town paper, announced his death. He had been murdered by a Kaffir somewhere up country.

"And that Hottentot," said Mrs. Thorn, "cheated the hangman. But I daresay that silly wife of his will cry her

eyes out, though he used to beat her, and kicked her too . . ."

For a few months Mrs. Flint wore mourning, but it dwindled down to gray and lilac before the year was out: and at the end of the year she married Captain Nore.

I believe Mrs. Pay was the first to hear the news: she came round, one drizzly November evening, with an order for a fine bonnet, and, as usual, made a great favour of it, pretending to be "full of mourning," and quite overworked.

"But it's not a mourning bonnet. It's for a customer as likes a good bit of colour, and a rich article, and don't mind paying for it. I could well afford twelve and six for the makin'."

"Well, I will make it," said Mrs. Flint, "but I'm afraid it will be the last." And she laughed with a little happy blush that roused all her kind friend's delighted suspicions at once. The young widow, for though thirteen years married, she was barely one and thirty, got up and knelt down by the fire, and began raking out the ashes quite extravagantly, Mrs. Pay watching her with eager curiosity.

"You're not going away? Not leaving Gracechurch, I hope?" she asked.

"No . . . But . . . You'd never think of such a thing—but, I'm going to be married."

"Not think of it! It's just what you ought to do: and what anyone'd think of as had eyes in their heads," Mrs. Pay protested, quite indignantly.

Simple and plain as Mrs. Flint's cheap lilac dress and black ribbons were, they suited her, as everything she wore did: and the kind woman, watching her with admiring eyes, said flatly she deserved a good husband better than any lady in Gracechurch or round it.

"And he *is* good," said Mrs. Flint, in a low voice that trembled a little, "too good for me."

"Whoever he may be, that he isn't," the comfortable dressmaker declared, "not if it was the Marquess."

"The Marquess is married already," said Mrs. Flint, with another happy laugh. "But I don't believe any Marquess is so good as Captain Nore."

"Captain Nore!" cried Mrs. Pay; the truth went far beyond her hopes, and she spoke almost with awe. "There's not a finer gentleman in Rentshire, nor yet a better man (if it was the Bishop)—Captain Nore! He's as good—as good as

a lady! And, you'll live at White Lodge, and ride in your carriage and pair . . . Mrs. Flint, ma'am, my dear, there's one thing as nothing'll prevent me doin' and that's makin' your wedding-dress and bonnet myself, and if you was to talk o' payin' me for 'em I'd know you wanted to offend me."

She had left her chair, and was kneeling on the shabby hearth-rug by the young widow she had been helping for many years with delicate secrecy, and the two women held each other by the hand. The dressmaker was twenty years older than her friend, and her face was rather red, and on her upper lip was a slight moustache that would have pleased a boy of eighteen better than it pleased her: she had a temper, and could rate her husband and her assistants roundly enough, not mincing her words: but under her tight bodice (full of pins), there was a good womanly heart, and the sweet and lovely lady at her side was not ashamed to be hugged to it.

"Oh, my dear; oh my beautiful dear lady, how glad I am!" cried the stout milliner. Her eyes had always a certain moistness, but they fairly overflowed now. "I know it's a liberty, but I do feel so proud and pleased . . ."

"How kind you are! How kind you've always been! What would Cissy and Lucy and I have done all these years without the work you've put in my way?"

"My dear, you must try and forget all that now. It's not fit as Mrs. Nore should remember . . . and not a soul alive knows, except us two, not even Pay; only the ladies'll think as my taste's all gone, so they will; and that's the truth. Many's the fib I've told these ten years when ladies has admired *your* taste and complimented *me*. But they were white ones, and many a worse is told in the way of trade."

Well, Mrs. Flint became Mrs. Nore, and lived at White Lodge in a prosperity that no one envied her, for all knew she deserved it, and all bore witness to the simplicity with which she carried herself in her late-found affluence. It was easy to see that her affluence made the least part in her serene and thankful happiness: she was as justly proud of her husband as he was of her, and everyone praised his fatherly tenderness to her two little girls, who fortunately had not the slightest resemblance to their own wretched father, but were just like what Elsie Fallow had been some twenty years before.

During the long years of her practical, and then her real,

widowhood Mrs. Flint had borne the highest character, and nothing but good had ever been spoken of her.

"Ay," said Mrs. Thorn, "she's got a husband as deserves her, and she'd deserve him if he was twice as good as he is. The luck's as much on his side as hers. She's worth ten of her mother, tho' I always thought well o' Mrs. Fallow, high and stand-off as she was. Poverty made *her* prouder, and neither poverty nor riches could spoil that sweet girl. How glad my Lettice'd be to see her riding in her big carriage—but the poor's alive and they'll get the good of it."

For nearly another ten years the sun of Mrs. Nore's prosperity shone serenely upon her and her good husband and the two girls. There was not a happier home in Gracechurch, though no other children came to Mrs. Nore. The Captain did not seem to mind, and was content to treat Cissy and Lucy as his own: at eighteen Cissy married, and a year later Lucy was married too, and both had found good husbands, not exactly wealthy, but young men of what Miss Broom called "ostensible position," quite able to support their wives in comfort.

"Now we'll have to be Darby and Joan and sit on each side of the fire keeping each other company to the end of the chapter," said the Captain. And Mrs. Nore did not look as if the prospect alarmed her.

Alas! the end of the chapter was to be very different.

One day in autumn Mrs. Nore had to go over to Rentminster, and, as her husband had a heavy cold, she insisted on going alone. She went by train, and was soon busy shopping, making haste, so as to catch an early train home.

She was choosing some furs that the Captain had said she must have before the winter, and her well-filled purse was in her hand. The shopman was displaying an expensive set of sables, and behind him was a big looking-glass.

"Perhaps, Ma'am," he observed deferentially, "sables may seem a little *elderly* . . . but there's no fur more becoming . . ."

He looked up, and over Mrs. Nore's head; for a very seedy-looking gentleman had come in, and was hovering near the door, not at all the sort of customer likely to want costly furs: not at all the sort of customer the man was used to see in his establishment, the oldest and most respectable in Rentminster: for the man by the door was flash-looking, but worse than shabby, by no means young, though the reverse of venerable.

"Well, sir, what is it?" asked the shopman sharply: and Mrs. Nore lifted her eyes from the sables on the counter, and, without turning, looked into the big mirror that leant forward at a slight angle. In it she saw Captain Flint.

In an instant the poor woman, with her knees shaking under her, had risen, and her purse dropped from her hand. As she turned her piteous lovely face, for it was lovely, at forty, still, Roddy shuffled and picked up the purse with greedy fingers that were not very clean.

What she said, or whether she said anything, she never knew, nor I think did the shopman, nor even Roddy Flint. She got outside, somehow, and stumbled across the road to a church, the door of which was open: it was the Catholic church, and was, she knew, always open.

It was quite empty, except for an old Irishwoman with a basket by her side, who was kneeling before an altar far away in a dim corner. There was a faint stale smell of incense, and the sun was shining down through the red robe of a saint in one of the windows. Elsie, for she had no name now besides, went in, and Roddy followed, still holding her purse longingly.

"Give it me," she said; and he gave it her, with great reluctance. He guessed it was full of notes and gold, and he could not bear to part with it.

"It is not mine," she said, in a plain, dreadful voice, "if it was mine you should have it all." She knew that it was all he had ever cared for.

"Not yours! Whose is it?" he asked, staring blankly.

"His."

"Your husband's?" and he said it quite simply, as if not doubting she held the man she had married in such innocent ignorance to be in truth her husband.

"I have no husband."

Nothing could have been more terrible than the plain flatness of the words and of her tone. If this fellow had come back to reclaim her he would have known at once that it was no use. He had come on no such errand. He dreamt of no such thing. All he wanted was money, and he had no desire to rob the rich man of his wife.

In low, whining tones he said as much.

"You hadn't heard of me for seven years. You thought I was dead—you are legally his wife," he tried to tell her, with eager, tremulous haste, eyeing the purse all the time,

"but it was another fellow called Flint that was murdered: I knew him: he said he was a cousin: but it got about that it was me, and it suited me to let them have it so, for I was in a bit of trouble. I did not come back to upset you: I knew you had married well: I wouldn't write—so as not to get you in any trouble—lest your husband should see the letter, or the post-office people recognize the writing. But I was starving: and I worked my passage home—yes, worked it, I. I'm starving now . . ."

"I haven't a penny. I've no money. I've nothing of my own. Nothing. The clothes I stand up in are not mine."

She could hardly stand up, but she did not sit down: just inside the door they stood quite near together, Roddy unable to keep his greedy eyes away from the purse in her trembling hand. But she held it tightly, knowing him capable of snatching it from her.

She knew he was a liar, but he had told the truth in one thing at all events: she could see that he was starving.

Hurriedly dropping the purse into her pocket she began fumbling at her wrist. She wore no other jewelry, but on it was a handsome bracelet that Cissy's husband had given her; the gold was plain but massive, and there was a large sapphire between two good diamonds. It was the only thing on her that had not been bought with Captain Nore's money, and now she remembered that it was her own.

"Here," she said, almost stammering, "this is mine. I forgot it. Take it and get food."

Captain Roddy had a quick eye for pawn-shops, and he had noted one at the other end of the town: he took the bracelet at once and seemed inclined to obey her sign that he should go away with it there and then.

"What shall you do?" he asked, as he turned to the door.

"Pray if I can," she answered wearily.

Her face was so ghastly that he was not sorry to go away from the sight of it. The door opened, and then closed behind him. She knelt down, leaning against the back of the nearest bench; but she could not pray, so she thought, but sorrow is as true a prayer as love, and I am sure Someone¹ was listening.

Rising from her knees she went up the side-aisle at the end of which was the little dim chapel where the old woman was still praying. Over the altar was an empty cross, in front of which sat the figure of the Mother of the Man of Sor-

rows with that of her dead Son laid across her knees. The old Irishwoman turned at the sound of the step close behind her, and Elsie bent down.

"I cannot pray," she said; "will you pray for me? I wish I could give you something, but I am penniless . . ."

Everything about her looked costly, but the old woman took no heed of it, only of the cruel sadness of the lovely face, and of the lips that quivered so piteously.

"I'll ask *her*," she said, "His Blessed Mother will pray for you. She knows what it is."

The beggar-woman had had a son once, and he was gone—all she had ever had: she came here for comfort, but of her own sorrow she said nothing. She just touched Elsie's rich dress with her old palsied hand, and lifted it a little towards the statue of the King's Mother, as if to commend this other sorrow to her: then she went back to her praying, and Elsie went away. Ten of the fifteen miles to Gracechurch she walked, and would have walked them all but that a kind young farmer gave her a long lift in his gig, never troubling her with talk as she sat at his side.

It was nearly eight o'clock when she reached the gate of White Lodge. There was a small cottage just inside it, and she asked the woman to go to the house and see the Captain.

"Beg him to come here," she said, "and do you not come back till he returns."

Amazed and troubled, the woman did as her mistress bade her: and in five minutes Captain Nore had come to the lodge.

The moment he saw her he knew something dreadful had happened. It seemed to her now that the blow had fallen on herself long ago, and she looked like one who had been suffering for many days. Not that she was aged, for she looked almost childish in her helpless misery. Now she had to see the blow fall on him.

"I sent for you here," she said, "because I could not go to your house. I have no right there. I never had."

She could barely speak or stand, and she was deadly tired, and horribly sick. The words she used were not chosen or thought out; they simply stammered themselves out of her as they could.

He saw how she trembled and feared she would fall.

"Do not come nearer," she cried, "you must not touch me."

Then she laid on the little table, where the lodge-woman's

supper things were set, the purse Roddy had so greedily desired, and her watch, and the return half-ticket that she would not use.

"They are not mine. I'm not mad. They are yours and never were mine. I have been spending your money, and wearing your clothes, and eating your food . . ."

"Am not I yours and all that I have!"

"No, no; no, no": and she shook her head, and then bowed it miserably. "No. I thought I was yours and you mine. I had nothing to give you, only myself, and that I gave and it was not mine . . ."

It must seem as though she thought only of herself: but she was thinking more of him. She knew how good he was, a very pure, God-fearing man, to whom it would be a fearful thought that he had taken another man's wife. If it had been some pain she had to bear alone she could easily have told it: but the pain and the innocent shame he must bear too, and she knew not how to tell him.

He knew at last. And he could comfort neither her nor himself. He knew her so well that he knew she would not even be helped by him: with all his wealth he could not lighten even the load of her utter penury: he respected her so deeply that he durst not argue against her fixed resolve to touch no penny of his money.

"I shall go," she told him at length, "to Mrs. Thorn. She is a good woman and I can accept alms from her. She will let me stay with her a few days, and will lend me clothes. Do not be angry if I send these back to you. Then I will go and be a nurse. I could do that. I could not bear to live with Cissy or Lucy."

And this plan she carried out. She never saw Captain Nore again nor he her. She left England and learned nursing in France in a hospital served by Catholic nuns, and it was always said in Gracechurch that she became a nun herself, but whether that were so or not I do not know.

Captain Nore left Gracechurch at once and he died within a few years: a month or two later Roddy Flint did what Mrs. Thorn declared was the first good thing he ever did, and that too late, for he died too.

When we left Gracechurch the wife he had abandoned was still alive.

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

Miscellanea.

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

The Benedictines of Caldey.

WE have no intention of retelling the remarkable story of the conversion to Catholicism of the Anglican Benedictines of Caldey Island and of the kindred community of the nuns of St. Bride's. By this time the events have become widely known through the printed correspondence between Abbot Ælred and the Anglican authorities, supplemented as it has been by Dom Bede Camm's articles in the *Tablet* for March 7th and 14th. But what is to be thought of the comments passed upon this somewhat sudden as well as wholesale conversion by the organs of Anglican High Church opinion?

Thus the *Guardian*, which we may take as the mouthpiece of the others, pronounced in its number for February 28th in the following terms:

The going over to Rome of the Benedictine Community of Caldey Island is deprived of its importance and significance by the circumstances in which the step has been taken. So recently as July last the Abbot assured the Bishop of Fond-du-Lac that the Community fully recognized that "it would be quite wrong for us to surrender our present position and to transfer our obedience to the Roman Church." Six months later they find that the "Divine Will" leads them "into the wider and fuller life of the Catholic and Roman Church." What had happened in the meantime to produce this remarkable change of view? Nothing save that the Bishop of Oxford, whom they had voluntarily chosen as their Visitor, had refused to let them have their own way. They claimed to be a law unto themselves, and to remain in the Church of England on their own terms—which included acceptance of the modern Roman doctrine of the Immaculate Conception and the retention of the Benediction service—and as soon as they found that even so sympathetic a prelate as Dr. Gore insisted upon loyalty to the Church and canonical obedience to himself, they sulked and refused to play, like so many spoiled children. And that is all that need be said upon the subject.

That this is the interpretation one might expect an Anglican periodical to adopt may be acknowledged. Not only to

Bishop Grafton of Fond-du-Lac but to Archbishop Davidson of Canterbury did the Abbot of Caldey write as late as August 29, 1912, declaring that in the previous Lent "the Roman question had come up in various ways" among them, and they had felt they "ought to face it as a community," and determine where they stood. They had "spent much time in prayer and study," so they told the Archbishop, and by Easter had arrived at "a most happy and unanimous decision" (one only, and but for a time only, dissenting) in regard to their position in the Church of England. "We could not doubt that God had placed us where we were, and that it would be quite wrong for us to surrender our present position." And yet on February 22nd of the present year, the Abbot of this same community, writes on its behalf to the Bishop of Oxford, and makes known to him that "both the communities of Caldey and St. Bride's have determined to ask admission to the Roman Church." Further the correspondence shows that what decided these two communities to pass from the one allegiance to the other was the stipulation made by the Bishop of Oxford—whom, that they might acquire their due status as an Anglican Religious Community, they were about to elect as their Visitor—that the Book of Common Prayer to the exclusion of the Latin Benedictine Missal and Breviary, should be the sole rite used in the chapel or chapels of the Community, that the doctrines of the Immaculate Conception and of the Corporal Assumption of our Blessed Lady should be eliminated from their service books, together with Exposition and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and likewise all Exposition or Benediction with Relics; to which stipulation was added the forewarning that on inquiry he (the Bishop) might, on fuller examination, see the necessity of requiring that other usages besides these should be surrendered. "We are agreed," say the Community in their reply to the Bishop on February 19th of the present year, "that we cannot conscientiously submit to the demands you make of us. . . . The preliminaries that seem to your Lordship so obvious as to 'lie outside all possibilities of bargaining and concession' concern matters which are vital to our conception of the Catholic Faith."

It is for this that the *Guardian* likens them to sulky children who "claim to be a law to themselves." But it is a judgment which, however clear it may seem on the surface, does not bear examination when the facts are considered.

These monks appear to have differed from so many others of the Church party to which they belonged, precisely in this that all through they showed a true anxiety to place themselves under Catholic authority, which, being what they were, they had taken to be that of the prelates of their Church. "From the beginning," says the Abbot, writing to Archbishop Davidson on December 13, 1911, "we have tried to live according to Catholic Faith and Practice, and we have always taken care to be obedient to the principle of Catholic Authority. We have never once disobeyed either the commands or the known wishes of the Bishop of the Diocese in which we happened to be; and every step in the life of our Community has been taken with the sanction of Authority." And this claim appears to have been justified by the facts. Archbishop Temple had authorized Abbot Ælred's religious profession in 1898, and in 1902 he and Archbishop Maclagan had authorized his installation by Bishop Grafton of Fond-du-Lac, as Abbot of the Community then at Painsthorpe, in Yorkshire. Archbishop Maclagan had also arranged with Bishop Grafton for his promotion to the Anglican Priesthood in 1904; and again it was under Archbishop Maclagan's advice that he delayed his application to the Archbishop of Canterbury for a license under the Colonial Clergy Act, until the Community at Caldey had taken substance. When, after two years at Caldey, he deemed this condition to be fulfilled, he did apply to the present Archbishop of Canterbury for this license, in doing which he had behind him the Resolution adopted by the Lambeth Conference of 1897, reaffirmed by the Conference of 1908, "that this Conference recognizes with thankfulness the revival alike of Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods, and of the Office of Deaconess in our branch of the Church," together with the provisions laid down by the Committees of those two Conferences on "the Relation of Religious Communities within the Church to the Episcopate." Correspondingly, it was on the lines of these provisions that Archbishop Davidson and Bishop Gore were negotiating with the Abbot and his Community for the election of Bishop Gore as their Visitor, nor can any reader of the printed Correspondence fail to recognize that the Abbot was perfectly frank with these prelates all through.

So far then there were no signs of the monks wishing to be a "law to themselves." Nor was there any hitch until

Bishop Gore's letter of February 8, 1913, the letter in which he made the stipulations above referred to, was received. It was not astonishing in itself that the letter should have taken the form it did. Both Archbishop Davidson and Bishop Gore come out well in this correspondence, for both showed a genuine sympathy with the project in itself for maintaining the contemplative life in an Anglican monastery; and both endeavoured to go as far as they could in tolerating usages which were not according to their own taste. If Bishop Gore drew the line where he did it was only what his official position required. At the same time it is not to be wondered at that the monks themselves were taken aback at the drastic slaughter of their cherished beliefs and practices which the Bishop proposed to make. The Bishop was thinking of the written formulas and the traditional methods of administration to which his Church expects its prelates to conform. But the monks could not but take into account the extensive toleration which, whatever be the dead letter of its formularies, the living Anglican Church allows to beliefs and practises of the most opposite kind, within the amplitude of what the Archbishop declared to be the "large and reasonable limits of the Church of England"; for it goes so far as to permit access, even to its higher and more important benefices, to men whose beliefs in the rationalistic direction far outrun the prescriptions of the Thirty Nine Articles. If this free toleration is extended to those who reject altogether the notion of Original Sin, can it not reach those who believe in the Immaculate Conception of our Lady, which is but the doctrine that to her, through the merits of her Redeemer, is given the grace which takes away this original sin at an earlier stage of her life than that of her post-natal Baptism? If this toleration can be indulgent to those who deny even the Corporal Ascension of our Blessed Lord, not to speak of His Corporal Resurrection, why cannot it be to those who hold the Corporal Assumption of the Blessed Virgin? If this same toleration can be indulgent to the bold rejection by such multitudes of Anglicans, of that "Objective Presence of our Lord in the Holy Sacrament, or worship of Him in the Holy Sacrament" about the teaching of which Bishop Gore "could raise no kind of question," why should it not be equally indulgent to such a simple and becoming expression of this belief and worship as is Exposition and Benediction? So the monks may have reasoned, or might have reasoned, when confronted

by the Bishop's stipulations. But at all events what they did do was to take to heart the Bishop's suggestion that they should ask themselves seriously whether the festivals and doctrines to which he objected "could be justified on any other than a strictly Papal basis of authority." They did ask themselves this question, and they came to the conclusion that the Bishop was right. They had from the outset tried to combine two things, living according to Catholic Faith and Practice, and obedience to the principle of Catholic authority. And now it was brought home to them that these two things could only be combined if the authority to which they submitted rested on "a strictly Papal basis." Submission to authority constituted on a strictly Anglican basis meant, as their recent experience had demonstrated, submission to an authority which could tolerate much that ran in an opposite direction, but could never tolerate Catholic faith and practice. It is wonderful that they failed to realize this sooner, but when at last they did realize it, they were not behaving as a law to themselves, but were acting in strict conformity with their professed principles when they went back on their ill-advised conclusion of six months ago, and sought to place themselves under a true Catholic authority.

And this is all that concerns their non-Catholic critics, for it concerns only themselves and the Catholic authorities to whom they have submitted to say what should be the conditions of their reconciliation, and what the manner of their future life. But in conclusion let us offer them our welcome to the Church of the ages, and our best wishes for their Catholic lives.

S. F. S.

"The Constructive Quarterly."

The new spirit which in our generation has come over the non-Catholic Communions, and has caused them to wish for and work for a restoration of religious unity such as our Lord prayed for, has created the necessity for an organ in which all animated by this spirit can find a common meeting-place for the exchange of ideas, and the gradual removal of the misconceptions which form a wholly unnecessary cause of cleavage. Such an organ was the *Reunion Magazine*, published in London, which started in October, 1909, and lasted till March, 1911. In the opinion of many it was doing a good work, which it was a pity should fall through. Now its place

is to be supplied by a New York review, to appear quarterly, under the title of *The Constructive Quarterly*. Its projector and first editor is Mr. Silas McBee, an American layman, of impartial mind and wide sympathies, who has always felt a deep interest in the Reunion Movement, and took a prominent part in getting up the World's Missionary Conference at Edinburgh in 1910. Readers of THE MONTH may have seen his *Eirenic Itinerary*, which was reviewed in our January number for 1912. It gives an account of one of his journeys through Europe, undertaken with the express object of getting into touch with those high personalities whose influence for better or for worse must always be felt in any scheme set on foot for healing the wounds of Christendom. In these itineraries, as in other ways, Mr. McBee has been working for the establishment of the Review which has now laid before the Reunionist public its first number.

In an Introductory Article the Editor expounds the principles on which the Review is to be based. It will aim at "making for a better understanding between the isolated Communions of Christendom, and is called *The Constructive Quarterly*, because the plan is to bring together members of all Communions who will write constructively of the Christianity they profess and practise, in order that others may know their Communion as they themselves desire to have it known." But the Editor wisely adds that "it is not neutral territory that is sought where courtesy and diplomacy would naturally tend to avoid issues and to round off the sharp edges of truth and conviction, but rather common ground, where loyalty to Christ and to convictions about Him and His Church will be secure from the tendency to mere compromise or to superficial and artificial comprehension." It seems to him that the effect of this method, if carefully observed, will be "to create an atmosphere of mutual confidence . . ." in which "it should be easier to believe in others at their best, without minimizing the real causes of separation." This does not mean that polemics, in the sense of destructive criticism of adverse systems, is not in itself, under due conditions, justifiable, but merely that it is unsuitable for a review like the one projected, which can only be maintained on a rigidly constructive basis—and perhaps is not the worse for that.

Further, "the *Quarterly* has no scheme for propagating

a system for the unity of Christian Churches. It will therefore have no editorial pronouncements. It offers itself rather as a Forum where the isolated Churches of Christendom may reintroduce themselves to one another through the things that they themselves positively hold to be vital to Christianity." Neither the Editor, nor the Communions on behalf of which the contributors undertake to write are to be held responsible for what the articles say, but the contributors themselves. The Editor, however, holds himself "responsible for the kind of writers admitted to his pages," and has sought to acquit himself well of this responsibility by conferring with representative scholars and statesmen in five countries, and by getting together an Editorial Board, consisting of thirty-seven members drawn from these five countries (America, Germany, Russia, Great Britain, India), whose names inspire confidence, and whose function, besides sending articles of their own, is to recommend writers of their own country who might advantageously be asked to contribute. Among these names may be mentioned Archbishop Platon, the head of the Orthodox Russian Church in the United States, Professor Du Bose, Dean Shailer Matthews, Professors Deissmann and Loofs, Professors Glubokovsky and Sokoloff, the Bishop of Winchester, Doctors Inge and Sanday, Dr. W. P. Patterson, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Mr. Arthur Henderson, and the Anglican Bishop of Bombay. It will be noticed that, in the announcement page at the beginning of the Review, eleven representative Catholic names are given separately under the heading "Committees of the Roman Catholic Church in America, Great Britain and the Continent include as writers and co-operators," the Rev. John J. Wynne, Mgr. Shahan, D.D., Father Thurston, S.J., Mr. Wilfrid P. Ward, M. George Goyau, Mgr. Batiffol, &c." The Catholic co-operators are, we believe, thus set in a category apart, because a difficulty was felt on the Catholic side in their being included in the Editorial Board of a periodical representing so many adverse opinions.

The contents of this first number respond well to the ideal propounded. The opening article is by Dr. Du Bose, the creator of Sewanee University, but we find it hard to define the character of his argument, save to say that it is an endeavour to "construe or interpret the Christianity which all the Christians have in common, by separating out the points of agreement from those of disagreement and tracing the latter to their source. Dr. Loofs writes on the German view of

the Nature of Justifying Faith, Dr. Patterson on the Reunion Movement among the Scotch Presbyterians, and the Methodist Bishop McConnell on the Significance of Conversion in the Thinking of To-day, in other words, on the relation of the fact of conversion to the current conceptions of Pragmatism, Immanentism, and Evolutionism. Mr. Arthur Henderson writes on the attitude, present and prospective, of the Labour Party towards Religion. Three Catholic writers have contributed articles, Father Wynne on the character and number of the Reforms of Pius X., M. Goyau on the reawakening of spiritual activity in France brought about by the reaction of Catholicism against the measures of its persecutors, Mr. Wilfrid Ward on the motives of Catholic exclusiveness, and its compatibility with the fullest appreciation of the workings of divine grace outside the Church.

It was to be expected that these contributions, being so various in their *provenance*, should pursue ideals of reunion difficult to harmonize among themselves. But the feature by which they are estimated from the standpoint of the *Constructive Review* is the spirit of mutual cordiality which they manifest, and this is very striking.

Mr. McBee has our very best wishes for the success of the Review which his reunionist zeal has prompted him to undertake.

S. F. S.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

Archbishop
A. H.
Mathew.

IN the course of some comments in our last issue on a projected revival of the Order of Corporate Reunion, with which the name of Archbishop A. H. Mathew is publicly associated, we suggested, in perfect good faith and on the strength of information which we had no reason to doubt, that the said Archbishop and a certain Francis Bacon, who uses the same address, were not distinct personalities and, in view of that supposed fact we naturally reflected how strange it was that "Francis Bacon" should pose on occasion as the Archbishop's defender. We have since learned that we were misinformed on this point and that Archbishop Mathew and Francis Bacon are separate individuals; our reflection consequently proves groundless, and accordingly we wish to withdraw it here as publicly as it was made, with all due apologies to both these gentlemen.

**Citizen
versus
State.**

We have frequently pointed out that any Government which undertakes to rule the Community on Secularist lines, *i.e.* without appeal to the motives and sanctions of religion as embodied in the Christian Church, will find itself forced by circumstances to encroach more and more upon natural human rights in order to insure at least the exterior performance of natural human duties. The ever-increasing interference of the State in this country with the relations between labour and capital furnishes an illustration of this truth. If Christian ideas as to human dignity, the responsibilities of wealth, the sinfulness of all injustice, had prevailed there would be little need for that long series of Factory Laws contained in the Statutes, nor for the operations of the Trade Boards Act in enforcing a minimum wage, which we are glad to see are going to be extended. Our system of compulsory education forms another instance, both of the need of some stimulus to conscience and of the danger of overstepping the limits of lawful intervention. The rights of parent and of child—to say nothing of those of the Church—are very apt to be overlooked when a Secularist State assumes the task of educating its citizens. If correct views on questions of religion and morality—our duty towards God in respect to belief and conduct—are an essential part of true education, it is manifestly outside the province of a State which officially ignores God to impart such views. Still, in the absence of any agreement amongst its members as to which religious views are correct, a State may very well be tempted to exclude religion altogether and to aim at securing that uniformity which they allege in face of all the facts economy and efficiency demand by setting aside the right of the parent to teach (personally or by proxy) and the right of the child to be taught the duties of the creature towards God. Thus we see arise in men's counsels that deformed and illogical conception called "secular education," one of the many instances of the *impasse* to which the State is reduced by trying to do alone what it can only properly accomplish in union with religion.

**Rights
and
Duties.**

Of course the religious chaos into which the Reformation has plunged this hapless country has affected ethics no less disastrously than dogma, so that there is, in fact, little common agreement as to what constitutes the indefeasible rights and duties of human personality. We have the widespread socialist error which subordinates the citizen wholly to the State—a return to the Cæsarism from which Christianity freed the world; we have the wild individualism of the anarchist, putting self-interest

always before that of the community, and, between these two extremes, all sorts of confusion as to the basis and extent of personal rights. Consequently there is little possibility of offering united opposition to the gradual entry of the State into matters not directly contained within the sphere of its lawful activities. There is no society of men, except the Catholic Church, which has clear and definite ideas about human rights and human duties, and the Catholic Church is still very weak in this land. But on her teaching alone can an effective stand be made against the well-meant, but often unenlightened, efforts of the State to promote social welfare. She proclaims that the final basis of personal rights in the dependent creature called man rests on the will and purpose of his Creator. The only duty that always and everywhere binds human beings is that of serving God; the only right which man cannot lawfully on occasion forego or be deprived of is that of being allowed to serve Him. For the rest, duties and rights are not coextensive: to be bound by a duty, indeed, implies the right to fulfil it, but to possess a right only involves the duty of exercising it when we should offend God if we did not. All other rights may be resigned or modified for a sufficient reason, such as the general welfare of the community. The limits of lawful State interference must indeed vary with circumstances but they must always keep outside the sphere of conscience. Man's right to liberty consists in his being independent of all control save that which is exercised, directly or indirectly, by the ordinance of God.

**The Church
and
Social Reform.**

A certain ambiguity arises from the use by Catholics of the term " Church " to denote the sum-total of the laws by which they rule their actions and belief. The phrases " the Church forbids " or " commands " this or that does not always point to some positive exercise of ecclesiastical authority but may merely stand for—" I am actuated in this by my faith, (of which the Church is the ultimate source and guarantee)." Owing to this ambiguity it is possible to contend, as a speaker at a recent C.S.G. debate contended, that the Church has no place in the social reform movement. This in one sense is to say no more than Newman proved so eloquently in his *Lectures to Anglicans*, viz. that the Church exists primarily for the individual soul and only indirectly for social welfare, and that she addresses herself to schemes of betterment only with the view of making it more possible for men to attend to their chief business here, their salvation. "Not till the State is blamed for not making saints, may it be fairly laid to the fault of the Church that she cannot invent a steam-engine or construct a tariff." The Church as such takes no part, though her ministers and her devoted children very well may,

in what is properly the work of the civil power. But if we take the word Church to mean religion or moral principles, then the above contention becomes a practical denial of Christianity. So far from religion having no place in social reform it constitutes the very soul of the movement. Social reform simply means the introduction into social relations of the Christian virtues—justice, charity, purity, humility, temperance, obedience, patience and the like—the neglect of which joined with the prevalence of the opposite vices causes the bulk of remediable social evils. And religion provides at once the strongest sanction and the highest model for the cultivation of these virtues.

**"I leave that
to
Theologians."**

The tendency thus to set "the Church" in this sense aside, as if religion did not enter into everyday life and as if man was not responsible to God for all his human actions, is common enough outside Catholicism where the voice of conscience, not being reinforced by an infallible teaching authority, often tends to be inaudible or uncertain. But echoes of this view are sometimes heard within our own communion. There is a tendency to regard "theology" as something that concerns priests, but has no interest for lay folk. "The rights or wrongs of this question I leave to the theologians, but this is what I mean to do." One occasionally hears language like this from speakers who do not find their opinions in harmony with Catholic teaching. They are fain to ascribe the inconvenient doctrines to mere theological theorizing, as if theology, moral theology above all, were only a speculative science and not intimately connected with rules of thought and action. If theologians study and write and expound, it is in order that lay folk may become theologians too, may know and be certain whether what they think and what they do are in harmony with God's revealed will. We cannot leave questions of practical import, such as militant suffragism, to theologians, and continue to think what we like about them: we must take care that our opinions are such as would meet with the approval of the Church, the divinely accredited guardian of faith and morals.

**An Attack
on Total
Abstinence.**

It is difficult to see why abstinence from a particular form of drink, which, so far from being necessary for physical development, is gravely suspected of being unhealthy, should excite the ire of those who continue to indulge in it. Yet a certain Mr. Edwin Pugh in the March issue of our very able contemporary, *The British Review*, is exceedingly angry, judging by his language, with those who do not drink alcoholic beverages. "Teetotalers," he tells us

"have made more drunkards than all the publicans and sinners. By their harsh bigotry and silly intolerance, by their

airs of self-righteousness and by their pettifogging views of the whole duty of man, they have repelled all ardent souls and alienated the sympathies of all those who believe in the wisdom of God as it is manifested in the rich bounty of nature rather than in the un wisdom of man as it is manifested in unnatural asceticism."

And so on in the like eloquent strain for many pages. Where, we wonder, has this gentleman got his experience of total abstinents? Such people are not very numerous; the average man cannot meet very many in the course of his life. Still less can he gather from those he meets so intimate a knowledge of their thoughts and motives as would justify the long diatribe here penned about them. We fear that as so often happens the writer is generalizing from insufficient data, has taken the exception for the rule, has set up a man of straw for the mere fun of tilting at it—which he does, we may allow, with considerable grace and vigour. But he seems altogether unaware of the fact that total abstinence like other ascetic practices may be engaged in from a great variety of excellent motives both spiritual and mundane, as well as from the pride, narrowness, bigotry, and intolerance which he seems to consider essential characteristics of the teetotaler as a class. Because, outside the Catholic Church, total abstinents have sometimes adopted a Manichæan attitude towards spirituous liquors and a Pharisaic attitude towards drinkers, it is surely rash to infer that the whole temperance movement is permeated by heresy and self-righteousness. Omitting spiritual considerations which the writer shows no capacity of appreciating, there is surely enough in the spectacle of the ravages occasioned by drink to suggest total abstinence to the earnest social reformer. St. Augustine once thought continence impossible until the spectacle of that virtue practised by the Christian youth around him convinced him to the contrary. *Quod vultis, nonne ego?* And so many a poor victim of drink may be encouraged to think reformation possible by the sight of those who find life tolerable without seeking happiness at this particular source.

**Total Abstinence
in accord with
Catholic Principles.**

Apropos of the same subject a recent correspondent in the *Universe*, who in his way is a temperance advocate, decries teetotalism as a "vulgar Protestant heresy." Here we have an instance of the same onesidedness of outlook which marks and mars Mr. Pugh's article. If the writer had reflected that his Church—we are assuming he is a Catholic—blesses and encourages total abstinence societies, that the great apostle of the movement, Father Mathew, was a Catholic friar, that the present ecclesiastical authorities in England are endeavouring to develop

Cardinal Manning's "League of the Cross," that teetotalism is making great progress in that most Catholic of countries, Ireland, he might conceivably have hesitated to use that injurious phrase. The same correspondent is on surer and worthier ground when he points out the difficulties in the way of temperance reform arising from the fact that a large portion of the revenue of the State is raised from licences and duties upon alcoholic liquor. But the difficulty is not so formidable as he imagines. We have said on this point some time ago in *THE MONTH*¹ "that the poverty, disease and crime, of which excess in drink is one of the chief causes, cost in remedial measures—poor-relief, prisons, hospitals, and asylums—a vastly greater sum" than liquor-taxation brings in. We might add to this the loss of productive capacity—the chief source of wealth—in those who exceed in drink. There is no fear that the State will become less solvent as its citizens become more sober.

**Deportation
not a Remedy
for Militancy.**

We notice that several papers have suggested the deportation of convicted "militants" as a way out of the deadlock occasioned by the hunger-strike. It would seem to be an easy and effectual remedy but for the fact that we have no right to send convicts into other territories against the will of their owners—and what country would consent to receive such women?—whereas on British territory they would continue to defy British law. The fact that only women can use the hunger-strike with effect shows that it is regard for their sex which prevents justice having its due course. How long that regard will avail to protect them depends on the stock of patience possessed by the community. The Paris *Communardes* in 1871 were women, but that fact did not save them from their fate when law and order were being reasserted.

**The End
of
"The Crucible."**

It is with real regret that we learn that the March issue of the *Crucible* is the last which will appear. And this not only because that little quarterly was most ably conducted and contained articles and reviews of importance, but also because of the indirect evidence thus afforded of the lack of solidarity among our Catholic establishments of secondary education for girls. It was from those that the *Crucible* looked for its main support, it was for their intellectual needs and interests that it far from inadequately catered, yet the support afforded was not sufficient, and the schools as a whole did not apparently appreciate the opportunity thus afforded them of exchanging edu-

¹ *Some Problems of Temperance Reform.* December, 1911; since reprinted as a C.T.S. pamphlet.

cational experiences and views. Federation amongst Catholics is one of the needs of the hour, especially in matters of education. We boast of possessing the true theory of education, whereas notoriously all is chaos outside the Church. If ever the true ideal is restored to society it must evidently be by Catholic effort and example. Yet here we have to lament the dropping of a very valuable bond of union amongst Catholic schools because the majority of them are not broadminded or farsighted enough to maintain it. Whilst condoling with the originator and editor of the enterprise on its untimely death we take leave to express our admiration of the courage and ability with which she conducted it.

**The Dogmatism
of
Pseudo-Science.**

Many publishers nowadays, adopting that saying of Carlyle—"the true University is a Library"—are issuing cheap series of books on every variety of subjects so as to bring encyclopedic knowledge within reach of the million. Many of these books are written by experts and are really excellent essays in popularization, but such as deal with religious and philosophical subjects, being written by non-Catholics, are generally from our standpoint vehicles rather of error than of truth. That the same should be the case with many scientific primers has also to be deplored, the more so because their "scientific" authors sin against the first canons of science by assuming as facts a whole collection of mere hypotheses and by deserting their proper province in order to invade that of the philosopher, the student of origins and causes. Just as Socialists of the Fabian School make it their avowed aim rather to "permeate" current literature with their ideal than to write formally in its defence, so and even more subtly the rationalists of our time, not content with open attacks upon religion, seek to promote their cause through the medium of cheap libraries. We read, for instance, in one of the volumes of the "Home University Library"

Life is at present originating in countless other worlds as daily it is originating upon our own, and given a certain stage in evolution when matter has reached a certain complexity in structure and becomes tenanted by certain types of energy, life must come, and having come must evolve into higher and higher forms.

Here we have the airy theorizing of Professor Schäfer presented dogmatically to the man in the street in the usual cloud of misty verbiage. "A *certain* stage in evolution," "a *certain* complexity of structure," "*certain* types of energy"—it is all vague and arbitrary assumption, and the writer has no more warrant for his conclusion than he has for his premises. *Why* must life come, *what* causes it to come, and *where* is it to come from? All these

obvious questions are ignored by this dogmatizer. *Ipsè dixit*—Life must come, and if you don't believe it, you are a superstitious priest-ridden fool. And all this in the name of Science!

We trust that the anti-rationalistic activities of the C.T.S. which have already borne such excellent fruit in Professor Windle's *Facts and Theories* will continue to be directed against this scientific charlatanism.

The Development of the "Australian Catholic Record." Our excellent contemporary *The Australian Catholic Record* has taken advantage of the beginning of a new volume, the XIX., to assume a new and much improved appearance, not unlike that of the *Irish Theological Quarterly*. As befits a quarterly review which aims at being the organ of the Australian clergy, the *Record* contains, besides many interesting papers, a series of theological and liturgical notes, jottings on subjects of ecclesiastical interest, book reviews, &c. We wish it a long and prosperous career in its new form.

Reviews.

I.—RECENT THEOLOGY:

(1.)—TRANSUBSTANTIATION.¹

FATHER J. M. PICCIRELLI sends from Naples a *Disquisitio Dogmatica—Critica—Scholastica—Polemica*. Of this long title the book's style makes the last word the easiest to remember, though it deals with the Sacrament of Peace, and is, in fact, "On the Catholic Understanding of the Dogma of Transubstantiation." It is extremely learned; excellently printed; with a most useful synopsis of the page in the margin, an "analytical index" which reaches, in our opinion, a perfection which should make it a model for future works, and an alphabetical and a synoptical index.

Its style is Ciceronian to the utmost, and bears witness to a profoundly classical training. Father Piccirelli beautifully says that if to fight is legitimate even for sheer exercise, or to keep up one's spirits, *a fortiori* it is so when the prize of battle is "intellectual concord," and when a hopeful road lies open to the

¹ *Disquisitio Dogmatica—Critica—Scholastica—Polemica de Catholico Intellectu Dogmatis Transsubstantionis. Auctore J. M. Piccirelli. Naples: Office of the Civiltà Cattolica. Pp. 320. Price, 4 l. 50. 1912.*

achievement of that longed-for harmony. Hence, "massing our forces, we shall charge at the enemy, and the intellects of the erring we shall carry as spoils of a victoriously-waged war to Christus Triumphator." (p. 8.) It is because Father Piccirelli altogether wins our hearts by the loftiness of intention and the passionate sympathy revealed by these words, that we know he will be glad to let us indicate at least one lapse of language calculated to frustrate, we fear, his hopes of winning minds. From p. 187 to p. 196 he uses words about a Catholic professor—Mgr. Batiffol in fact, (e.g., "Modernist," "irreverent," "mendacious," "arbitrary," "caviller," "intolerable," "contradictory," "inferior to Harnack and Schwane," &c.), which would be sure to alienate the sympathy of cultured men, especially non-Catholics, should such by any chance hit upon this book. This is a curious slip, as is the aspersion cast on Mgr. Batiffol's good faith: "*Mala intelligentia* [sc. *Batiffolii*] *ex non diligenti doctaque analysi, an ex voluntate?*" p. 192). Not that we hold any brief whatsoever for Mgr. Batiffol's interpretation of Gregory of Nyssa, especially as he has "laudably subjected himself." The author generously trusts that the French scholar will continue to write for many years books on Christian origins, even though he diagnoses in them "a poverty of really profound theology and an infusion of Loysian spirit." This kindly tolerance on the part of Father Piccirelli (p. 126) shows how charitable his tendencies really are, and how regrettable it were should his previous words be interpreted in a sense in which no gentleman (as we say) could allow himself to use them.

(2.)—THE CHURCH.¹

Fr. Straub, who is one of the Theological Professors at Innsbruck University has published an elaborate treatise on the Church, following in arrangement the familiar treatment of the subject by the great classical authors, but touching on a variety of questions which had not come into prominence in their day. We have seen in our own generation rapid and dramatic changes in the relations between the Church and civil authority in different countries. The process of the disintegration of Christendom is still going on, and, judging by the

¹ *De Ecclesia Christi*. By Antonius Straub, S. J. Innsbruck: L. Pustet. 2 vols. Pp. xcii, 500; vi, 916. 1912.

signs of the times, it would seem unlikely to stop until in every land Church and State no longer had any official connection. With the civil authority no longer recognizing the divine claims of the Church, it is manifest that the latter must be content that those claims should be to some extent in abeyance. However, they can never be denied or withdrawn by the Church itself, and they find full and detailed exposition in Father Straub's learned work. Although he speaks guardedly on the disputed subject of the competence of the Church to exercise the *jus gladii*, it is plain that he is to be numbered with the supporters of that claim,—a fact that we frankly regret, for it shows that he has not wholly emancipated himself from a tradition which is now nowhere justified in fact, viz., that heresy is to be reckoned an offence against Society and that death is its fitting sanction. We have not found the periodic Latinity of the learned professor nor the long unparagraphed exposition of his doctrine conducive to easy reading. However, a very full *index rerum et nominum* gives a ready means of reference to particular points.

(3.)—A COMPENDIUM.¹

In strong contrast with the above in respect to typographical perfection is the extremely able manual which is the fruit of Père Prével's thirty years' occupancy of the professorial chair at the Grand Seminary of Rouen. It also has the great merit of being a thoroughly capable digest of a large number of standard works, representing, therefore, not the judgment of a single mind, but a reasoned discussion of many opinions. We can imagine few works better suited as a means of rapidly reviewing the doctrine of the Church on any given question. Such doctrine is set forth in clear terms, the grounds which support it are considered, the views of different authorities weighed, the objections of adversaries refuted. Sobriety and caution characterize the treatment of disputed points, and all sides in scholastic discussions are fairly represented. Père Prével we are glad to see is careful to point out that the much disputed *jus gladii* forms, as a matter of fact, no part of canon law and that the claim is unbecoming to the maternal character of the Church.

¹ *Theologiæ Dogmaticæ Elementa ex probatis auctoribus collegit P. B. Prével, SS.CC. Edit. 3^a. Studio P. M. J. Miguel, SS.CC. 2 vols. Paris: Lethielleux. Pp. 712, 696. Price, 16 fr. 1912.*

(4.)—RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.¹

No better service has been done in recent years to the cause of Catholic Apologetic than the composition and publication of this treatise by Père A. Vermeersch, the veteran Belgian canonist and sociologist. To the Abbé Vacandard, perhaps, belongs the honour of having been the first, by the publication of his treatise on the Inquisition, to clear the Church in popular eyes from the unmerited charge of cruelty fastened upon her by a misinterpretation of the mixed politico-religious system of the middle ages and by the blind traditionalism which characterizes the legal mind even when ecclesiastical. The Abbé's thesis was comparatively restricted but Père Vermeersch does not treat the question merely incidentally or superficially; rather, he goes to the very root of the matter by establishing principles, discussing origins and tracing developments. There is probably no calumny more constantly repeated against the Church than that she is the foe, not only of liberty of thought, but even of civil and social liberty. It is an accusation which comes with a particularly bad grace from the sect which here enacted the Penal Laws, but that does not prevent its being constantly on the lips of those that hate Catholicity in this country. Moreover, it is an accusation which should not be met merely with a *tu quoque*; it is not enough to assert that our Mother the Church is not worse than the non-Catholic bodies around her: she must be cleared altogether of the odious charge. But this requires two things—a clear understanding of principles and a competent knowledge of history. These two requisites are amply supplied in Père Vermeersch's book, which we trust will be diligently read and constantly employed by those whose task it is to defend the character of the Spouse of Christ. A dozen pages of bibliography, consisting only of works quoted in the text, bear witness to the depth and extent of the author's investigations. These are carried down right to the present day, and many instances are given of the intolerance practised by modern atheistic foreign Governments. No priest's bookshelves, no library in parish, college or convent should be without this most useful and timely treatise, the value of which appears now¹ so great as in those portions devoted to showing that in matters of discipline the Church is

¹ Tolerance. By the Rev. A. Vermeersch, S.J. Translated from the French by W. Humphrey Page, K.S.G. London: Washbourne. Pp. ix, 374. Price, 5s. net. 1913.

necessarily affected by the spirit of the age and the action of the world in which she is immersed. With the single exception of the word chosen to render the title of Père Vermeersch's book, the translation is excellently done.

2.—PHILOSOPHICAL: GOD AND THE UNIVERSE.¹

This book is an expansion of some Lectures delivered by the author, in the first instance, at St. Ann's Church Schools, Manchester, in 1910, at the suggestion of Bishop Knox; and afterwards repeated at Sion College, at the suggestion of the Bishop of Kensington, and again at University College, in the following year. That they should have been thus blessed by Anglican ecclesiastical authority shows that they were considered to make for religion, and this was certainly the author's desire and persuasion. For ourselves, though we cannot think that the book as a whole has this tendency, we can agree that the argument of the earlier chapters is sound and useful, though it is to be feared that the abstruse character of the lines of thought followed, and the uncondescending character of the style, will render it a sealed book to all save the philosophically instructed few. Indeed, unless the audience at St. Ann's Church Schools was intellectually select in a quite exceptional degree, it may be doubted whether as much as one per cent. of them had even a remote conception of what was being maintained.

Nor do we find it easy to describe the argument of the book in a notice like the present. We must be content to say that the author begins by distinguishing between three systems which have been successively propounded as offering a complete explanation of the Cosmos—the Mechanical World-Model, the Energy World-Model, and the Mind World-Model. By the first of these is meant what is better known as the Mechanical system of the Universe; by the second, the more recent system, which, now that the atoms, previously supposed to be indivisible ultimate elements, can be further resolved by appropriate methods, can rest on the deeper conception reached by eliminating the duality between matter and ether, and expressing both in terms of

¹ *A Physical Basis for Religion and Ethics.* By G. W. de Tunzelmann, B.Sc., M.I.E.E. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Pp. 256. Price, 4s. 1912.

energy. Given that this second system approximates better than the first to a complete explanation, it still falls short of this attainment, for it does not account either for the origin in time of the inanimate visible universe or for the only possible alternative, its eternal existence; nor again does it account for the phenomena of life or their origin. Hence the necessity of positing the "mind-model," in other words, if we catch the author's meaning, of recognizing that intelligence and will play an underlying and essential part in the selection and shaping of cosmic phenomena.

So far so good, but this totality of intelligence and will, which the book calls Universal Mind, is explained in a pantheistic sense. That this is so the author would indeed deny. "The Pantheistic conception," he says, ". . . would not satisfy the demands of reason for a complete, self-determined, and therefore infinite unity, for its content is limited to our actual and conceivable experience." But the conception he accepts, and calls Theistic, is said to "present God as *not only immanent*, but as also transcendent, as truly knowable and yet incomprehensible." We underline the word "immanent," for it is a tell-tale word. Does it mean that the being of God, though it includes a great deal that is beyond the known universe and our conception of its further expanse, includes also vast spaces and infinite realities that exceed even the scope of our conceptions themselves; or does it mean that the being of God, though it pervades all created being, sustains it and its every movement, is nevertheless essentially distinct from it? Only this latter supposition is truly theistic, the former is but a variety of pantheism. The insuperable difficulty of Pantheism is that it is incompatible with the recognition of the many separate individualities and personalities we find in the world. The author has his own way of meeting this difficulty. "Human love," he says, "is a good name for what first individuates for us our universe of known objects. We have good reason for saying that it is the Divine Love which individuates the real world wherein the Divine Omniscience is fulfilled." But this is idealism; at least, it is the doctrine that things are only in so far as they are thought and loved—that is, have no distinct existence of their own. Moreover, Mr. de Tunzelmann, whilst contending for the discrimination of six stages in the "continuous development of mind," assigns as the final stage "Universal Consciousness, God-consciousness, or Infinite Self-consciousness," and claims for it that it is reached by

those, who like the Brahman, by means of abstinence and contemplation, "attain to that higher stage of self-consciousness in which subject and object are both actually realized as essentially one, not only with each other, but with the Eternal Self-Consciousness, constituting the ultimate reality known (to him) under the designation of Brahm. When this is realized, the Absolute is recognized as being the essential reality, in comparison with which the lower reality of the phenomenal world is an illusion." What else is this but downright Pantheism?

In his sixth chapter the author estimates the relation of his system to those of M. Bergson and Mr. Bradley, finding in both points of difference, and points in which they agree with him and confirm his conclusions. He appends also to this chapter a concise but sound criticism of Professor Schäfer's Dundee Address of last autumn. In a seventh chapter Christianity is claimed as the "Crown and Completion of Rational Theism," that is, of Theism as Mr. de Tunzelmann understands it, which means that, unfortunately, his explanation of the Incarnation is tinged, or rather stamped, with his pantheistic conception. In the last two chapters, on the Principles of Social Progress and the Methods of Social Regress, the author comes down to the level of ordinary comprehension, and has some very good things to say about social organization, and the modes of socialism and syndicalism which are its chief modern solvents. This portion is made to arise out of the previous argument as indicating the course by which man is to attain to that "finite self-consciousness which is the penultimate stage on his journey to that "infinite self-consciousness" which is his final goal.

We regret that we cannot speak more approvingly of the author's argument, for he is so evidently anxious to vindicate the Christian religion, and, if we mistake not some incidental indications, is sympathetic. If only minds like his were familiar with the mode by which Catholic theology avoids the pitfalls through which is the descent into Pantheism!

3.—BIOGRAPHICAL :

(1.)—MR. BODLEY'S ESSAYS.¹

This book contains, beside the essay on Manning, one on the Institute of France, which is mainly of academic and historical interest, though illuminated by a certain caustic

¹ Cardinal Manning and other Essays. By J. E. C. Bodley. Longmans. Pp. xvi, 288. Price, 9s. net. 1912.

humour; and one on the Decay of Idealism in France, which is of absorbing interest for the philosophical reading of contemporary events. Indeed, this power of disengaging the ideas and principles at work in the modern France he knows and loves, leads us to wish the more that Mr. Bodley had carried out his projected *Life of Manning*, in which he would have appraised the meaning of that statesman's life and its significance, both as a product and as a formative force, in the modern Church, somewhat as Mr. Ward has done for Newman. The series Newman, Manning, Vaughan, would have then revealed itself as all but symbolical. Anyhow, both the first and the second essay have for background the pre-occupations caused by our actually achieved transition into the practical and, indeed, mechanical age, in which ideas exercise little save a disturbing and disintegrating effect.

Mr. Bodley may not throw much new light upon Manning: he defines, however, his personal and psychological attitude in some places where it had been left dim. He makes a hero (no ideal one) of his subject, and does not care for Newman; he emphasizes Manning's attitude towards that great man. What we chiefly praise is Mr. Bodley's wisdom in consulting the "pious ears" of his readers, which are far less shocked by plain speaking than by those silences which reveal to them that they are being cheated of some fact or other; that intelligence is being insulted and moral stability distrusted. Indeed, an attitude of reciprocal distrust is thereby occasioned which ends in a far more general and deep-seated scepticism than could be generated in the open atmosphere of truth.

Mr. Bodley is not a Catholic, and we do not want him to write as one. Still, it is more than mere literary affectation to talk of Cardinal Mathieu's "straying" to London for "some pious congress," when the occasion in question was that unique and historical gathering, the Eucharistic Congress of 1908!

(2).—WILLIAM GEORGE WARD.¹

We suppose there is hardly any Catholic library which does not possess its copy of the first issue of this book; those, at any rate, who have not yet acquired it, must not

¹ William George Ward and the Catholic Revival. By Wilfrid Ward. First published in 1893; re-issued by Messrs. Longmans. Price, 6s. 6d.net. Pp. xlvii. 468. 1912.

hesitate to do so for the much reduced price at which this re-issue is offered to them. It forms an all but necessary companion volume to the author's *Life of Cardinal Newman*, and the whole of chapters vi. and viii. are invaluable for completing our view of many problems still awaiting solution. Indeed, this relation to Newman's life is emphasized by the author himself in the brief Preface he has added to the book, and he reminds us that not only do "the events it narrates belong to the same period as that covered by Newman's Life, but the view . . . which it presents most fully is the opposite one to Newman's." When we remember how universally Mr. Ward's works have met with praise for their fairness and, indeed, sympathy, we are bound to recognize in one who can so describe mentalities so very different, the most exceptional endowments for biographical writing. And we feel sure the author will regard his work to have been successful, not least if he forces us to realize afresh how utterly the religious conditions of England have changed since the days of Newman and of W. G. Ward. Doubtless the *Life of Newman* convinced us all that whatever else Newman might have been, he certainly was a prophet: and that the supreme value of his contribution to his fellow-Catholics was that his work reached far into the future. But it is in that future we find ourselves to-day. We cannot then too closely study the period whose spirit both Newman and Ward so mightily helped to form.

4.—GENERAL:

(1.)—CARDINAL NEWMAN'S SERMON NOTES.¹

This week will be published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. a little volume containing rather more than a hundred Notes of Sermons, preached mostly at the Edgbaston Oratory, by the late venerable Cardinal Newman. In his Anglican days he read his sermons, but after his conversion he conformed to the custom of the Catholic clergy, and was wont to preach *extempore*. He would take with him into the pulpit a loose sheet of paper with some very slight notes, but when he returned to his room he wrote down an abstract of what he had just preached, in the fuller form in which they are now published. The MSS. books containing these Notes

¹ Sermon Notes of John Henry Cardinal Newman (1849—1878). London: Longmans, Green, and Co. Price, 5s. net. Pp. xvi, 344. 1913.

passed after his death into the hands of Father William Neville, his literary executor, and Father Neville one Christmas gave them to Father Henry Bellasis as a present. Recently it has been felt by some of those who cherish the Cardinal's memory that material likely to be of such value to preachers and others ought not to be kept back from publication. Accordingly the MSS. were entrusted for this purpose to the Editors of the present volume, who in the title-page describe themselves collectively as "Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory."

The published sermons of great preachers, however fine in themselves, are seldom found helpful by others. Skeleton notes of sermons are more readily assimilated, but too often they are wanting in suggestiveness. The Notes before us, on the other hand, are most stimulating, and preachers who look for pregnant ideas which they may develop in their own way will be delighted with the rich fare of choice thoughts here set before them, thoughts so simple and solid, and at the same time so penetrating, so illuminating, so sparkling. The subject-matter, too, is very varied. The larger part consists of Sunday sermons based on the Gospels of the day, but from the text of these the preacher gathers the principles which he applies to every sort of subject, theological, apologetic, ascetic, devotional. To give illustrations is difficult, seeing the length of the summaries, but we may take, almost at haphazard, a Sermon on Suffering preached on the Feast of the Holy Innocents:

1. *Intro.* The three feasts about Christmas, as if to tame down its joy, bring before us suffering.
2. And so the events about our Lord's Nativity: (1) Circumcision, (2) Purification, [a] "sword," &c., (3) Epiphany—massacre of infants.
3. Remarkable that the children should suffer because it is the age of innocence.
4. It suggests to us the doctrine of original sin—that man has fallen. Pain could not be, with man upright. Here then we have a proof that man is under God's displeasure—*pain* not death.
5. Sufferings of children: (1) from illness, (2) from cruel parents, &c. *Nothing worse than* to see a helpless child in great pain.
6. But, however, the Innocents were otherwise circumstanced. Their martyrdom was an [entrance] into the Church. Their sufferings meritorious.
7. St. Rose and other holy women, who inflicted on themselves penances extraordinary.

8. The Church like a joint-stock (all who shared it must be cleansed).

9. Let us rejoice in this feast then : particularly it is for mothers whose children suffer. *All the sufferings of baptized children merit, and all innocents profit in suffering.*

10. Let us thank Him who turned sufferings of children to account.

11. The merits of saints ever growing, of martyrs, and souls going from Purgatory to Heaven; *of children suffering and dying in infancy.*

It will be acknowledged that this specimen justifies the high value we have set upon the Notes, and yet it is fairly representative of the whole. But the extract is also apposite in another sense, for some readers may need the reminder that these Notes were intended only for the preacher himself, and so must not be taken as fully expressing his meaning. In what precise sense did he mean that all the sufferings of baptized children merit, for is it not true that meritorious acts, being personal, presuppose knowledge and free-will? Doubtless in preaching Newman would have dealt with this difficulty—but is it so difficult to perceive how he would have met it? The Holy Innocents are called Martyrs by the Church and are said to have made their confession of faith "*non loquendo sed moriendo.*" In this sense they can be said to merit, that is, their death, being for Christ, brought them spiritual profit. And the Cardinal's suggestion is that the sufferings of other children, at least of baptized children, may be regarded, not as waste sufferings, but sufferings which bring profit to their souls.

The Editors are to be thanked for their short Preface, which adds distinctly to the value of the book by its lifelike picture of Newman as he appeared in the Oratory pulpit in his old age.

He held the Bible, which was in his hands while he was preaching, rather close to his face. . . . Memory pictures him as constantly turning over its leaves, after the rather fumbling manner of an old man, while he was speaking, presumably, in order to find the next passage he intended to quote. . . . His manner of speaking was the same in the pulpit as on ordinary occasions; in fact, he was not preaching but conversing, very thoughtfully and earnestly, but still conversing. His voice, with its gentleness, the trueness of every note in it, its haunting tone of (if sadness be too strong a word) patient enduring and pity, has often been described by those who heard it at St. Mary's in the

old Oxford days, and, judging from their descriptions, it seems to have been the same in old age as it was then. Probably, the initial impression of those who heard it for the first time would be that it varied very little. This, however, was not the case. . . . From time to time [a listener] might be almost startled at some change in the preacher's voice and the words which accompanied it. Take, for example, in the present volume, the way in which the ignominy of the Crucifixion is described—"as we fix a noxious bird up." Only those who have heard Newman can imagine the distress which would have come over his voice in uttering these words, and the kind of haste, as if to get them out and done with; followed by a quick return to the calm with which he had been speaking a few seconds before. . . . These little outbreaks came and went as a flash of lightning.

As it gets known this little book is sure to become a favourite with English-speaking Catholics, especially with priests, nor does it seem excessive to predict that it will do an important work in the training of young preachers. It should be added that it has been very carefully edited. There has been an evident desire to let the Cardinal's own words interpret themselves. Only a few extracts from his other works that illustrate passages in the Notes are given in a short appendix; a few words are interpolated in square brackets, where the allusions might otherwise be missed; and to meet the reader's convenience the full text of the Scripture references is given in the Footnotes.

(2).—THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH
LITERATURE. Vol. IX.¹

To the modern reader the peculiar self-conscious flavour of the style of the old *Spectator* (and the same is true in a measure of Pope and even of Swift) is certainly an acquired taste. We very much doubt whether either Addison or Steele would be able to get an article accepted on its merits by one of our popular magazines now-a-days. Even if they did, it would only be on the ground that the contribution submitted provided an excellent imitation of the early Georgian manner. None the less, Grub Street and St. Patrick's are interesting enough to read about and we do not by any means regard the ninth volume of the great *Cambridge History of Literature* as forming a dull interlude in this carefully

¹ Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. IX. From Steele and Addison to Pope and Swift. Cambridge University Press. Pp. xvi, 610. Price, 9s. net. 1912.

planned series. The chapters on Pope and Swift, which both seem rather wanting in animation, are not perhaps so successful as their importance might render desirable, but there is plenty of good and illuminating reading in Dr. A. W. Ward's vignettes of Burnet and Bolingbroke, and in Mr. Charles Whibley's section upon "Writers of Burlesques and Translators." In the first chapter, which deals with "Defoe—the newspaper and the novel," Dr. W. P. Trent, of Columbia University, is disappointing, but Mr. Harold Routh retrieves the situation by his excellent sketch of Steele and Addison. Of the more miscellaneous topics, we are glad to find separate treatment accorded to "William Law and the Mystics," to "Bentley and Classical Scholarship," to the "Antiquaries"—Dugdale, Anthony Wood, Thomas Hearne, John Aubrey and Ames being naturally among the most prominent—to "Scottish popular poetry before Burns," and to the subject of Education. There is also a section devoted to Philosophy, the largest share of which is naturally claimed by Berkeley, and another on the Memoir writers, of whom the foremost was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. As we have said in noticing previous volumes, it is this width of range which renders this great work indispensable wherever the literary history of England is seriously studied. The bibliographies and indexes remain as excellent as ever, and we are glad to note the same pains spent upon the thankless task of noting corrigenda.

(3.)—A COMMENTARY ON THE PSALMS.¹

Since this volume of the *Cursus Sacrae Scripturae* was published, its author, Father Knabenbauer, has died. We are not aware if he has left any further volume behind him in manuscript, but his death makes us look back and take note of all his contributions to the *Cursus*, of which, with Father Cornely also now dead, and Father von Hummelauer now engaged in other work, he was a founder and has been the largest contributor. The Four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles in the New Testament; the Major and Minor Prophets, the Books of Job, of Proverbs, of Ecclesiasticus, of Maccabees, to which must now be added the Psalms, in the Old Testament have been the goodly portion that fell to his lot, and it will be acknowledged that the commentaries on

¹ *Cursus Scripturae Sacrae, Commentarius in Psalmos. Auctore Josepho Knabenbauer, S.J. Paris: Lethielleux Pp. 489. Price, 10 fr. 1912.*

these various books to the writing of which he devoted a toilsome industry of thirty years, have provided our students of Holy Scripture with a valuable auxiliary. His style was not perhaps the best for a commentator, being somewhat involved and, in consequence, deficient in clearness, a defect which is not so much felt by those who read his text continuously, but is irritating to those who refer to him on occasion for his exegesis of any particular text. On the other hand his erudition was considerable, embracing not only the results and theories of modern commentators, Catholic and rationalistic, but also what is rarely studied in these days, the works of the Patristic commentators. As his treatises show, he made good use of this double knowledge, which enabled him to show how largely questions which are usually thought to have been first raised by recent criticism, had been anticipated by the ancient Fathers, and competently dealt with. In his exegesis Father Knabenbauer displays a sound and independent judgment, holding the happy mean between too servile an adherence to what is traditional and too inconsiderate a propensity for what is novel; and this is also the characteristic of the present commentary.

In the present volume, following the plan of the *Cursus*, he does not give much space to the introductory questions, which have been treated with sufficient fulness in Father Cornely's Special Introduction to the Old Testament. Perhaps he carries too far this adherence to a method good in itself. For instance, one would like to see the peculiar difficulty of what are called the imprecatory Psalms dealt with directly and searchingly in his textual interpretation of them. Yet he seems to pass the subject over altogether, not even referring the reader to the outlines of the good explanation given in the Special Introduction. On the other hand, into two subjects belonging to Introduction, he does enter carefully. One is the question so much discussed of late as to whether the Psalms are composed on a metrical system of arses and theses similar to our own. Father Knabenbauer is against this theory as at least too uncertain to inspire confidence. The other is the question of the authority of the titles prefixed to so many, yet to not all the Psalms. Of course he contends for their authenticity, speaking generally, for the agreement in assigning them between the Masoretic and the Septuagint texts proves their priority to the Septuagint translation, and other features in them point to a much further antiquity,

indeed, are difficult to explain save on the supposition of their authenticity. What makes this question of the titles so important is that on the supposition of their authenticity we have irresistible testimony that David is the author of about half of the Psalms, and the originator of the whole system of Psalm composition and Psalm singing. Besides, however, the testimony of these titles there is the testimony of our Lord and the Apostles to David's authorship of certain Psalms, namely of Psalms ii., cix., xv., xxxi. If we reject this testimony we may as well reject the authority of the New Testament altogether, nor would any one reject it, especially as to Psalm cix., except on the principle of an entire rejection of the Supernatural. Father Knabenbauer had finished this treatise before the *Responsa* of the Biblical Commission to the questions touching the Psalms had been published. But he appends them in full to his introductory sections, and it must have been a satisfaction to him to find how completely they accord with the conclusions to which he had been independently brought. Of course it is for its continuous comments on the text that a book like this will be chiefly consulted, and those who refer to it for this purpose, even if they should at times disagree with the author, will find in it a competent discussion of all the problems which the text raises.

(4.)—THE VAN EYCKS.¹

Some four years ago Mr. Weale, the *doyen* of English Catholic art critics, gave us his *opus magnum*, *Hubert and John van Eyck, their Life and Work*, a treatise which had cost fifty years of strenuous and intelligent labour, and was at once acclaimed as a monument worthy of the incomparable artists whose lives and paintings it described. Here we have, not exactly a popular edition of that great work, but a re-edition of its essential parts, sometimes condensed, sometimes expanded, and everywhere brought up to date by Mr. Brockwell. A charming, and a truly authoritative book, at a price within the reach of every book buyer.

The bulk of the volume is taken up with a full description of the twenty-four pictures, which are signed, or attributed to the Van Eycks with good reason. Less elaborate

¹ The Van Eycks and their Art. By W. H. James Weale, with the co-operation of Maurice W. Brockwell. London: John Lane. Pp. xi, 323. Price, 12s. 6d. net. 1912.

catalogues or mere lists give the doubtful works, the drawings, lost pictures, &c., an admirable bibliography, and a section entitled "Observations," which picture lovers will "read, mark and inwardly digest" with zest and profit.

Staid, sensible, clear,—never lapsing into vague generalities or artistic rhapsody, our editors make a point of summarizing the best criticism of others. This they do in really brilliant style, adding sometimes counter-criticisms of their own, which for brevity and acumen are quite delightful.

Though so clear and intelligible, this is far from being an elementary book; indeed, a more explicit treatment of some popular misconceptions might have been added with advantage. For instance, we find nothing about Hubert's so-called "secret," or of his alleged "discovery" of the use of oil in painting, though this is still to be maintained in the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

(5)—OF ARCHITECTURE.¹

We are eager to make yet widelier known a remarkable book. Mr. Statham's qualifications for writing it surpass all cavil, and he has written worthily of himself and his fascinating subject. A certain knowledge of architecture is definitely exacted now of all who would hold themselves educated; and it adds so enormously to the joy (and incidentally, we confess, to the vexations) of life that all reasonable folk will want to get and give it. That is why we ask to see this book in all school or college libraries, and given as prizes, and made the text-book, as it were, of richly-illustrated lantern lectures, which shall develop it chapter by chapter. No European town, and towns of other continents, but will be transfigured for those whose eyes have thus been opened to see what the great men of the past have bequeathed to us, and what the little nowadays folk are, for the most part, lamentably failing to do. Our own experience has proved this, in our own person and in others, again and again.

Mr. Statham keeps to the "main stream" of architecture (omitting, *e.g.*, Norway, Russia, China, even Mexico): his introduction is full of illuminating hints (his quotations are admirable throughout) and leading ideas; it reveals architecture as a continuous development sprung from natural exigencies and vitally connected with symbolism; thus the

¹ A Short Critical History of Architecture. By H. Heathcote Statham. London: B. T. Batsford. Pp. xv, 586. Price, 10s. net. 1912.

mystical and utilitarian here as ever intertwine. The pre-Greek period (Egypt, Assyria, Persia) is massed into a unit: "Greece and Rome" give us the "great columnar styles," followed by the Doric and the Byzantine type. Unusual features are Mr. Statham's insistence on the Romanesque transition into Gothic (pp. 220—322), and a fascinating chapter called "The Saracenic Interlude," including the development of the Mosque. The "Gothic Period" gives the whole delightfully simple but fertile theory of vault and buttress and pointed arch; and the Renaissance carries us down to modern times—even to the sky-scraper. There is a glossary of terms used in the book; an index to text and illustrations (there are about 700 of these, and all are good), and to each chapter is added a comparative chronological chart of the buildings it deals with. We should find it difficult to say how stimulating this book is bound to be, both intellectually (for the underlying *notion* is always emphasized) and to the artistic sense. The system of "running headlines" may, indeed, be according to the second edition of *Sordello*, but is a mere nuisance, there or here. Thus pp. 38, 39, are headed *Vast Structures Erected? Choisy Thought He Knew, and Was Perhaps Right, Karnak*. Also we regret that Mr. Statham damns the ill-influence of the Jesuits, and quotes their "Gimcrack churches of Gésu" [*sic*]. Mr. Brewer, whose authority he will recognize, would have none of this myth.¹

The only other fault we have to find is the enormous weight of the book—always the case when the paper used is the shiny kind with a plutocratic perfume.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGICAL.

Immanence, by J. De Tonquédec (Beauchesne: 3.50 fr.), contains a critical account of M. Blondel's philosophical postulates, and an investigation of their theological consequences. M. De Tonquédec's tone is austere; but M. Blondel's, at times, is acerb. Yet both are *anima celestes*. In this company, why need the passions ever run so high?

It is interesting to find Cardinal Gibbons' well-known work in French, and that in a third edition,—*La Foi de nos Pères* (Tequi: 3.50 fr.), by Abbé A. Saurel. It is a book which needs no praise, and will be of special service in Provence, still partly Protestant—for the Abbé is *vicaire* of Nîmes.

¹ Cf. THE MONTH, March, 1879; "Jesuit Art," p. 189, February, 1912.

M. J. C. Broussolle's (of the Lycée Michelet) *Théorie de la Messe*, ed. 2 (Tequi : 2 fr.), is very good indeed ; the lecturer (the book reproduces his class-discourses), uses modern writers like Bishop Bonomelli, and synthesizes the studies of the listeners by linking names like G. Boissier, Chantepie de la Saussaye, Pascal, de Voragine, and Newman. It has fifty illustrations, a welcome and novel feature.

Part III. of the English Dominican translation of the *Summa* (qq. cxxv—cxix), is sent from Messrs. Washbourne (6s.) ; the translation maintains its high level of scholarship.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The *Praise of Glory*, reminiscences of Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity, a Carmelite at Dijon from 1901—1906, translated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook, with an Introduction by Father B. Zimmerman, O.C.D. (Washbourne, 3s. 6d. net), is a delightful book prefaced by a naive and charming photo-portrait. We welcome these lives of holy personages, written in a style on its way to emancipation from a vicious and unhistorical tradition.

The *Life of Mother Jahouvey*, foundress of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny, and a very genial person, judging from the frontispiece, is translated from the French by J. B. Cullen (Gill : 4s.). The life of any active person living in France from 1779—1851, must necessarily have been full of incident, and Mme. Jahouvey adds to this her own attractive charm. Mrs. Yorke Smith has translated with success *A Little Sister*, Marie Lucie, of the Assumptionist Sisters, by M. Landrieux (Kegan Paul : 5s.) This biography is far more natural than most of its species : its Academician author could not fail to write an exquisite book. Here, too, the portrait frontispiece is wholly delightful. *Lacordaire*, by Count d'Haussonville, also an Academician, translated by A. W. Evans (Herbert and Daniel : 3s. 6d.), and his contemporaries are of perennial interest in the history of modern religious movements. Here we have five portraits of this great hero and apostle of liberty (one is by Flandrin and highly characteristic), and one of Montalembert. We want to see this period studied, that we may the better understand our own. Here is a valuable "document." The thirteenth century *Vie de St. Rémi*, has been for the first time edited after two Brussels MSS. by W. N. Bolderston, who writes in French with an erudition which has ceased to be peculiarly German (Mr. Henry Froude) : ten and six would be a heavy price, were not the book an archaeologically perfect resuscitation of Richier's ancient rhyme. Miss Viola Meynell has, in *George Eliot* (Herbert and Daniel : 2s. 6d. ; this price, in view of the charming get-up of this *Regent Library*, is amazingly low), given a number of well-chosen passages from the great novelist, with a brief but penetrating Introduction. There is a good bibliography. Mr. Thomas Baker sends a new and revised edition of Mr. David Lewis' invaluable translation of St. Teresa's *Foundations* (7s. 6d.) Father B. Zimmerman contributes a learned Introduction, in which he mentions that new sources have been at the disposal of revisers. It is in this new edition that the book should henceforth be bought.

No one who has read anything about the holy young Carmelite nun, Sister Thérèse of Lisieux, can doubt that the growing devotion to her throughout the Church has all the marks of a genuine *cultus*. The sumptuous *Life—Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux : an Autobiography* (Burns and Oates : 6s. net.)—lately edited by Father T. N. Taylor, of Glasgow, an active promoter of the cause of her beatification, will assuredly do much to spread and establish her reputation for sanctity. Sister Teresa's own

account of herself is here newly translated—a wonderful outpouring of saintly simplicity;—a record is given of her last illness; there are selections from her counsels as novice-mistress, a collection of her letters and specimens of her prayers and her poems. The book closes with a long and interesting account of the various wonders wrought through the intercession and in many cases by the intervention of the holy Carmelite, and with the last *Acta* of the Episcopal Process which preceded the introduction of her Cause at Rome.

Father Denifle's *Luther und Lutheranisme* has been translated into French by M. J. Paquier as *Luther et le Luthéranisme*, of which the third volume lies before us (Picard: 3.50 fr.). We congratulate the translator on the felicitous conclusion of his important work.

A second edition of H. M. Capes' *Life and Letters of Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P.* (Sands: 10s. 6d.), with its exquisite photogravure for frontispiece, is a welcome and beautiful book, and will be bought, we trust, by all who have not secured a copy of the first edition.

DEVOTIONAL. i. CATHOLIC.

From Messrs. Washbourne come two books for "interior" souls—*At the Gates of the Sanctuary* (7s. 6d. net), a second edition of Dom C. Doyle, O.S.B.'s adaptation from Dom Rupert Presinger, who died in 1741. This is a very full and instructive retreat for postulants and novices. *The Interior Life* (5s. net), is translated by W. H. Mitchell, M.A., from the French book edited by Fr. J. Tissot, Superior General of the Missionaries of St. Francis of Sales. The "life" is said to be "simplified and reduced to its Fundamental Principle," which is that of St. Ignatius in the Exercises.

Eucharistic Lilies (Benziger), are expensive at 4s.; but Miss Helen Maery has written here some pleasant pages for young people about saints and pious children devoted to the Eucharist. The Turkish child, Ahmna Josephine, introduces a new figure into the customary group.

The Divine Educator is adapted by F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. (Washbourne: 1s. 6d. net.) from the *Directoire Eucharistique des Maisons d'Education*, by Father Jules Lintelo, S.J. Its name speaks for itself, and it will prove useful in preparing for frequent Communion, both dogmatically and practically, in schools and other similar establishments.

DEVOTIONAL. ii. NON-CATHOLIC.

Messrs. Longmans send us an interesting collection of Anglican devotional and other works. The Rev. J. Brett, already well-known as a prolific writer, has collected into a volume, *Help for the Sanctuary* (3s. 6d. net), e.g., "devotional papers on the Blessed Sacrament." Some of them appeared first in the Caldey magazine, *Pax*. We have not read them all, but much of the theology is purely Catholic, though the devotional flavour is still unmistakably High Anglican. The author mentions an "everywhere noticeable" "change in the general disposition of Church-people towards the Eucharist." We trust that the writer of these beautiful pages will soon find his way back to the one altar. *The Wondrous Passion*, by Rev. F. W. Drake (2s. 6d. net), has an Introduction by the Bishop of London, and is directly intended for Lent and Passiontide. It contains thoughtful considerations, meditations for imagination and will, and prayers slightly artificial because literary—not because sentimental. The Rev. J. M. Connell's *Book of Devotional Readings* (3s. 6d. net), is compiled from the "literature of Christendom"; the author quotes from the *Logia*, the

Fathers ; Bernardine, Franciscan, Aquinatan, and later mystical literature ; from Suso, Dante, Tauler ; Wycliffe, Hus ; Erasmus, Luther ; Calvin ; St. Teresa ; Anglican theologians of all sorts, and also Molinos ; Kant and Grou ; John Newman and Francis Newman ; Clough, Caird, Tolstoy . . . The fare provided is clearly of very varied spiritual value.

Catholicism and Life, by C. H. Sharpe (4s. 6d. net), "attempts to show that the great claims of Catholicism are justified and verified by the facts of our human life." The Fall, the Incarnation, the Trinity, and the Church (under the Presidency of Peter, to which "Parliament is committed," recognizing as it does the authority of the first four Councils, and in these the Presidency was acknowledged), the Sacraments, Ritual, and Confession are thus most arrestingly considered. There is a little rhetoric, but plenty of documentation. The Immaculate Conception is "permitted" by "our Church as a pious opinion" ; Rome has felt able to define it . . . Pp. 134 — 142 are difficult, on the "Churches." The Greek and Anglican Churches are both "mainly political," and have severely suffered, though not perished, from their loss of "fellowship with the central See of St. Peter, and so with that sacramental principle of unity which Christ instituted." We wish that all who hope to understand the minds of a great multitude of Anglicans would read this book. Charity and prayer would grow more fervent. The Rev. Herbert Kelly, of the Society of the Sacred Mission, has written on the **Church and Religious Unity**, (4s. 6d. net), in the same spirit, but with more attention to Protestantism as such, and in a more philosophical style. He is singularly frank about the shortcomings of Anglicanism, while retaining an unshaken belief in its essential value. We reiterate our wish that students of contemporary religion in England should read these books. The well-known author, Rev. J. N. Figgis, has collected a number of sermons into one volume, **Antichrist** (5s.). He insists very markedly on the reality of a supernatural life which expresses itself in a Church. He sees clearly that the battle is already shifted from the special fields of sect-controversy. The question to-day is, "What think ye of Christ?"

The Agate Lamp, by Eva Gore-Booth (Longmans : 2s. 6d.), is a mystical book of poems displaying, in addition to what have become the commonplaces of modern independent mysticism, an unusual sense of form and colour and of the masterpieces of painting. It was Psyche, readers of Poe will recollect, who held the agate lamp. So she indeed does ; and when it shines truly with the Light of the World, all is well. The moderns, who say our lantern was cobwebbed, too often obscure their own flame with fretted Eastern iron-work, set with glass gorgeous but not diaphanous. Miss Alice Mary Buckton, who wrote, it will be remembered, *Eager Heart*, has compiled **A Catechism of Life** (Methuen : 1s. net.), which is not to be "set as an exercise," but must be used and applied by a wise Educator to those quite young children who (as the authoress with perfect justice suggests) can be trained far sooner to a higher and more stable form of development than is usually recognized. Her method is to suggest and develop good rather than to comment on evil and pain in order to repress and deplore them ; and this has much of good. She desires a gradual and individual "moral instruction," and with this too we are in sympathy. We are therefore free to express our strong dislike of what is by now quite recognized as the modern mystic jargon in which the book is expressed. The name of God occurs once in the preliminary note—we do not mean the *Foreword* (they can't say *Preface*)—and once in the Catechism ; but a sentimental misuse of the Gospel category *Kingdom* recurs : it isn't as bad

as the *Inner Vision*—but still. . . . As for the pages on, How then must every Maiden regard herself? . . . What is Passion? Marriage? ["Marriage is the purposeful interchange of Life between two individuals of complementary sex. In human marriage, each transcends individuality to achieve oneness with the other . . ."] well, they remind us of Brixton trying to be cultured, and we think Miss Evelyn Underhill laughed at all this in *The Column of Dust*. We have said this because we feel much splendid modern effort is being wasted because of its irritating vehicle.

Lest We Grow Hard (these words are a quotation from Thomas Ashe), by E. F. Russell, M.A. (Longmans: 2s. 6d. net), is a striking book of "addresses and papers on spiritual subjects" on the service of the Guild of St. Barnabas for Nurses, of which Mr. Russell is chaplain. The Guild practises prayer for the dead, and the book concludes with a dialogue upon this. We like these conferences much; their whole spirit is natural and wholesome, and also spiritualizing.

HOMILETIC.

Our Lady in the Liturgy, by Dom Michael Barrett, O.S.B. (Sands: 3s. 6d.), contains reflections on some feasts of Our Lady, and is wholesome devotional reading. It lacks, however, that human touch of which we thought the author of *Up in Ardmuirland* could scarcely divest himself. The **Catechism in Pictures** (La Bonne Press: 2s. 6d.), is an excellent thing; but not these comments upon the Catechism, and O, *not* these pictures. No, they would incite the child of any save the most somnolent imagination to frequent ribaldry. For ourselves, our childish wit never could assimilate the celestial Triangle and its Inhabitants; and we *loved* the devils, the scorpions, and the prancing pigs ["not that there are any animals in hell" says the text]. The size of the book—a large quarto—makes it difficult to imagine how it could be used in class. The Rev. J. Haw, in **The Dark Beyond** (Herder: 9d.), also writes on hell in the style of the late Father Furniss: perhaps detailed exposition of the physical torments there has a deterrent effect, but it presupposes a strong faith and a firm grasp of the Divine goodness if it is not to create a mistaken idea of God.

The **Excellence of the Rosary** (Wagner: 75c.), by Rev. M. J. Frings, is another devout collection of "conferences" upon this subject. Father Frings' historical outlook upon St. Dominic and his reception of the Rosary from our Lady, follows the old traditional lines.

When a third edition of a volume of sermons appears within a twelve-month, the reviewer has little more to do than to offer congratulations to the author and make known the success. This then is now our pleasing office with regard to the volume by l'Abbé Stephen Coubé, entitled **Gloires et Bienfaits de l'Eucharistie** (Lethielleux: 3.50 fr.). The book deserves its popularity. It is interesting as well as edifying. It contains twenty-five chapters, each complete and independent, but all bearing upon the common theme which the title of the whole suggests. They are the record of discourses delivered, as occasion demanded, in various pulpits of France, to which are added several short essays reprinted from well-known devotional journals.

The same author's **Gloires et Bienfaits de la Sainte Vierge** and **Gloires et Bienfaits des Saints** (Lethielleux: each 3.50 fr.), have met with the like success for the same good reasons. The chief feasts and many of the great sanctuaries of our Lady, the heroic example of many of the saints, are celebrated herein in language at once correct, imaginative, and inspiring.

FICTION.

Gordon Grandfield, by Rev. J. J. Kennedy (Linehan : 2s. 6d.), was led into Modernism by Cyril Travers, a secret debauchee. But when Gordon shows signs of reverting to orthodoxy, Cyril says : "Come away to Paris, or Monte Carlo. . . . Fair hours' eyes, and goblets of red Bordeaux or sparkling (!) Malaga will exorcise those vapours," and he quotes two stanzas of Omar. "Thanks, Travers," Grandfield answered, "like the veiled Mokanna, the poet's prophet of Khorassan, you have hitherto hidden your real self under the silver veil of a new philosophy, and now uncover the hideous reality," and he quotes Moore. After various vicissitudes Gordon ends well, *via* a murder, an election, the earthquake at Messina. The English wavers : one doesn't "dissent with" a title (p. 7) : an angel couldn't have "wrested 'gainst" an influence : *'Neath* occurs twice. The priest "imitated Xenophon's soldiers" badly when he exclaimed *Θαλαττη* : and in *s'il vous plaît* the circumflex has erred.

Corinne of Corral's Bluff (Linehan : 2s. 6d. net), is a robustly sentimental novel by a lady writer, Marion Miller Knowles, who signs a frontispiece of herself *yours earnestly*, but whose style leaves much to seek. The scene is mainly in Australia ; and the flavour is Catholic and democratic.

We can cordially recommend the four pleasantly told and thoroughly Catholic "tales of spiritual adventure," which make up **Life's Happenings**, an anonymous book published by A. H. Stockwell (2s. net.) Simple as they are, they have a definite note both of literary and imaginative distinction.

En Silence (Lethielleux : 1 fr.), by Francisque Parr, is one of those novels of real psychological insight and quietly successful expression, which are so far more common in France than in England. The background of waterman's life and of barracks is drawn with accuracy, humour and pathos ; the great sacrifice made by Captain Hermont wins its reward after a hard and splendid struggle. Here is a book for many readers—some to be sought in the higher classes of our schools.

Messrs. Sands are to be congratulated on their addition to Catholic historical romance in **The Lean Years**, by Miss Felicia Curtis (6s.), it is a novel entirely worthy of being ranked with Mgr. Benson's historical books, and deals with a period—that of George II.—which he has left untouched. Soon we shall have vivid reconstructions of English Catholic life in all its generations.

Lot Barrow, by Viola Meynell (Martin Secker : 6s.), was a servant in a farm-house. Her character is shaped by a tragic experience in the past ; by the schooling in the dogma that "nothing really matters," imparted by a literary lodger ; by her love for him passing into that for the farmer's son, who has lost his heart to the sea. The colouring is very sober, the incident almost nil. We wish we could say we wholly liked anybody in the book : yet that we cannot is perhaps an (unneeded) proof that the authoress has admirably revealed true psychology of the uneducated and narrow characters she has chosen. The choice of names is almost perversely odd : Memory Cottage, Mr. Bravery, Lot, Cattermole, Scutt. But the novel is extremely clever, and in a quiet way, powerful.

John Ayscough entitles a volume of charming essays, **Levia Pondera** (Longmans : 5s.). They are reprinted from various sources ; the first group is more distinctly literary ; the second is called *A Novelist's Sermon*, and as such some of us may recognize them ; the third, *Everyday Papers*, and these are especially good reading. This will make a delightful present.

A Hundredfold is a very pleasantly told story by the author of *From a Garden Jungle*, based upon the parable of the Sower (Washbourne : 2s. 6d.). Artistic and literary *motifs* are interwoven with the social and religious themes, and form a varied and cheerful pattern.

The Valley of Vision (H. R. Allenson : 3s. 6d.), by the author of *The Christian Science of Life*, is a novel *à thèse*, but far from lacking in human interest and literary merit, which will be of high value to all who feel interest in Christian Scientist and allied movements.

Father M. Barbera, S.J., has written a pleasant story, **Fiori di Rovine** ("Civiltà Cattolica" : 2.50 l.), about a foundling boy, Torello ; an amiable and eccentric priest (his walk expressed : Time is Money ; and he drank hot water only) ; a duchess with coal-black hair and high views ; and a cheery duke. When Father Giuseppe tells the duchess suddenly that she is to adopt the boy, the duke, who is *buon ragazzo*, merely calls the padre "Angel Gabriel," and, makes the elderly duchess blush. The duke took the boy up, and people said things ; and when we heard he was exactly like the young Marchesina Flavia di Roccafulla, we thought that the scandal meant to become more complicated. But there was no scandal, though Torello did fall in love with Flavia, and then (to everybody's horror) turn out to be her quite respectable long-lost brother. But Flavia died *felix opportunitate*, and bequeathed Torello (now Guglielmo), to the enchanting sister of the wicked, intriguing Socialist, Solaro ; and we leave the young couple setting forth (under Padre Giuseppe's benison), upon a career of enlightened and (in the only true sense) democratic zeal. The author gives a vivid account of the Messina earthquake (in which he lost his brother) ; only we are sorry he re-introduces the blasphemy *motif*, which had also served for Mont Pelée. The book is most romantic and pleasantly written (and what a delicious word is *sghignazzando* !).

GENERAL.

Father Bernard Vaughan's lectures on **Socialism from the Christian Standpoint** (Macmillan : 6s. 6d. net), are just what we should expect from the circumstances of their delivery and the character of their author. They are popular discourses, strikingly phrased, assertive, not fully documented, dealing, not with socialistic theories, but with the views of the average "comrade," which are generally crude and unqualified, and which are illustrated here by abundant quotations from the leaders of the movement. Consequently, the preacher has an easy task in showing how Socialism, so understood, is at variance with Christianity. We can conceive many who call themselves Socialists reading the book with withers unwarped, because they profess that their theories are mainly economic, and because they ignore or deny the social and religious implications of those theories. However, Father Vaughan is not dealing with these philosophers, but with the man in the street, to whom Socialism is preached as a new religion, a substitute for that Church of Christ which has failed in its task of saving and civilizing the world through Christianity. He treats the matter, therefore, in its broad outlines, insisting on the various radical divergences between the Christian and the Socialistic ideal—the ultimate rights of the individual soul against the social organism, the sanctity and integrity of the family unit, the necessity of personal ownership for the due development of the individual, the paramount importance of man's religious duties and his prospects in another world—and he deals with these as they are attacked by this or that prominent Socialist. The book is very much

alive, and, in substance, is a valuable contribution to anti-Socialistic literature.

The verses entitled **The Raised Rood and other Poems** (Elkin Mathews : 1s. net), are tuneful little pieces of a spiritual and devotional cast, evidencing, not only a grasp of inner realities, but also a decided gift of expression. The booklet is attractively printed and got up.

One of those compilations, which are such a relief for those who serve in choir and sanctuary during Holy Week, reaches us from M. Marietti of Turin—**Officium Majoris Hebdomadæ** (4.00 fr. unbound). It contains, of course, the latest changes and is well printed on good paper.

M. F. Duval's book, **Les Livres qui s'Imposent** (ed. 5 ; Beauchesne : 6 fr.), has been crowned by the Academy, and catalogues under the heading Christian, Social, and Civic Life, such books as may be held "indispensable" to a serious inquirer. We wish most earnestly we had the same sort of thing in England. Again and again we have been asked questions which could be adequately answered only after reference to some such work. It has an admirable index.

Dr. Walsh, in **Modern Progress and History** (Fordham University Press : \$2.00), has collected some erudite but entertaining essays, intended to show how far from modern our newest inventions and theories often are. Dentistry, medicine, pronunciation ; patriotism, women's rights, mutual aid, post-graduate education, are dealt with by the professor in a book which all our study clubs should possess.

Two and Two Make Four is, literally, an astounding book. It is written in highly technical American by Bird S. Coles (Beatty and Co : \$1.50), and is like a blast of pure oxygen forced into the exhausted atmosphere of an over-crowded school-room. The author is not a Catholic, but, from having observed in his official capacity that infant mortality was far greater in State than in religious institutions, and that in France and America crime followed accurately the curve taken by non-Christian education, has been forced to face the Church. This excellent book is a kind of history of the Church from his point of view. He collects and adds a number of Two's, leaving the reader to define the complete terrific content of the final Four. Again, a book for every study circle, school, or parish, library, seminary, club.

Dr. J. MacCaffrey, of Maynooth, has written an excellent short **History of the Catholic Church** (Gill : 2s.), curiously divided into two parts, each with its separate index, and separately paginated. The paper is poor, and the get-up of the book frankly suited for rough school handling ; but the material is good and the tone serene and scientific. We wish it much success.

Many readers of Miss Dease's appreciation of T. A. Daly's poems in our January number will doubtless have been led to make further acquaintance with the *Canzoni* and *Carmina* therein so warmly and withal so judiciously praised. Such readers will be delighted to add a further lately-published volume to their store—**Madrigali** (M'Kay : \$1.00 net)—dealing in the same entrancing fashion with the same picturesque themes—the Irishman and the Italian transplanted to the States. Mr. Daly's mastery of the brogue and the less familiar vowel English of the "Dago" is complete, but his little poems are not mere studies in dialect. Each is a careful little psychological sketch, showing the effect upon the soul of the Southerner and the Celt of the hard and hurried materialistic life of

America. No one who cultivates the modern muse can afford to neglect this book or its predecessors ; they have opened a new vein, and, what is more, worked it with conspicuous success. Just enough verse of the more conventional sort is included to show that Mr. Daly can, when he chooses, express his thoughts with grace and vigour in the ordinary language of poetry.

A book which deserves the serious attention of all our theological students is Dr. Tennant's **Concept of Sin** (Cambridge University Press : 4s. 6d. net.), which must be read together with his *Origin and Propagation of Sin* and *The Sources of the Doctrines of the Fall and Original Sin*. This is not a book to criticize or even to summarize here. We draw special attention to the treatment of sin in its relation to ignorance, imperfection, and temptation ; and to the differentiation of the ideas of sin and guilt. There are five important appended notes, an especially noticeable one being that on the decay of the sense of sin. We here confine ourselves to drawing attention to a volume illuminative to all, and indispensable to those who want to know what their fellows-in-search are thinking about and have achieved.

John Keble's **Lectures on Poetry** (1832—1841) have now been translated from their academic Latin by E. K. Francis (Clarendon Press : 12s. net : 2 vols.), and many a one who might be tempted to discard them for more than one reason as out of date will be sure to find his tendency altered by Mr. G. Saintsbury's criticism quoted in the Preface. We suppose that these volumes will find many appreciative readers both in and out of the Universities.

M. P. Allard, whose *Les Esclaves Chrétiens* and other books on early Christian life dispense him from any need of introduction, gives in **Les Origines du Servage en France** (Gabalda : 3.50 fr.) an account of serfdom, the condition intermediate between slavery and freedom, from its first appearance in Roman Law, the middle of the fourth century, to the end of the ninth, when in France it succeeds in supplanting slavery properly so called. This is an account of a real social and spiritual development due, in a measure which M. Allard defines, to the doctrine of the Church and of contemporary theorists, whom he shows to have been astonishingly liberal. This is a book for the C.S.G. and for all social students.

M. M. Bloud sends three numbers from his series called *Choix de textes pour servir à l'Etude des Sciences Ecclésiastiques*. These are a reprint of Bellarmine's **Marks of the True Church** (book 4 of the fourth "Controversy" : 60 c.), extremely well edited, prefaced, and annotated by M. Christiani, the well-known student of Lutheranism. The editor abbreviates here and there, but preserves Bellarmine's own words. We have too, a **Manuel** of Greek and one of Latin Epigraphy (each 1.20 fr., by M. René Aigrain). Latin and Greek inscriptions are of course recognized instruments in any adequate theological course ; these little books ought to become classical vehicles for information concerning them ; they are inexpensive, full of matter, and cover the ground well for amateurs. M. Bloud is doing us a real service by this series. His series, too, of *Philosophes et Penseurs* is of high value, surpassing, because of its orthodox standpoint, that of Constable's series of *Philosophies*. **Hume**, by M. Jean Didier (60 c.), is a brochure well calculated to supplement the meagre information concerning man and system which, in text books, offers the devout student material for massacre.

We acclaim the **Armagh Hymnal** (Irish C.T.S. : 1s. net) ; it is far and away the best hymn-book we know. It was compiled by Mr. Shane Leslie and Mr. J. Stratford Collins, and though it omits somewhat that we should have wished included, and includes poems which are scarcely hymns it must be welcomed cordially. It uses Dr. Neale's first rate translations, and has a "very sword-like" hymn by G. K. Chesterton. At last, and for the first time, we have a hymn-book which, modest though it be, need never blush in presence of its Protestant compeers.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

"Dismas" has written (Washbourne : 1s. 6d.), a short poem on the Way of the Cross which will supply devout thoughts for the Stations. A Sister of Notre Dame has written **Gospel Verses for Holy Communion**, with seven illustrations (Washbourne : 1d., better edition 6d.) ; also by the same Sisters is another booklet in the **Doctrine Explanation** series, dealing briefly but capably with "Communion of Saints," "Prayer," "Purgatory," "Indulgences," "Sacramentals," : the Angelus series is enriched by E. M. Walker's translation from G. Hello, called **Life, Science, and Art** (Washbourne : 1s.) ; we hope this little series of which this is an admirable specimen is prized and propagated : the "Corpus Christi Books" (*ibid.* 6d. net), are added to by **A Wreath of Feasts** "for the little ones," and **Behold the Lamb** "a book for little folks about the Holy Mass," with well-chosen illustrations, both by Marie St. S. Ellerker, produced under the tutelage, we think, of Prior McNabb. They have enchanted us. These are books such as children will love ; may the series prosper. Messrs. Washbourne too, send **The Cult of Mary** by Father J. Gerrard (1s.), an unusual little book, because it is pretty, theological, historical, and literary all in one : the account of the meaning, and value of devotion to Mary is a real boon to intelligent Catholic readers.

The C.T.S. has merited well of Biblical students by issuing for sixpence (wrapper) an expanded form of Father Martindale's analytical study—**The New Testament**, which in the penny edition belongs to the series of *Lectures on the History of Religions*. In this edition the references are quoted in full to the great gain of the student, and the utility of the volume for class-work is much enhanced. We know of no better introduction to the understanding of the main charter of the Christian faith.

In **Kindness to Animals** (C.T.S. : 1d.), Mrs. Grange has an easy task in showing by copious quotations from the Scriptures, Saints, Pontiffs and Prelates, how the spirit of the Church is opposed to every form of cruelty to the lower sentient creation. **Fra Girolamo Savonarola, O.P.** (C.T.S. : 1d.), by Father H. Tristram, of the Oratory, is a welcome addition to the Society's biographical list, which is also enriched by a life of **Baronius**, the great Oratorian, by Father Allan Ross. Excellently well done is Dom John Chapman's refutation of a mischievous and widely-circulated pamphlet describing its author's reasons for lapsing into Anglicanism after conversion. It is called **About a Return from Rome**. Father P. M. Northcote in **The True Church of Christ** has had the happy idea of classifying under various heads the Scripture texts describing the nature and constitution of Christ's Church. From these the inference to the Catholic Church as alone fulfilling the ideal is clearly and emphatically drawn.

From Messrs. Gill and Son comes an interesting penny pamphlet on the life and work of **St. Thomas of Aquin**, by Father M. O'Kane, O.P.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

- ALLENSON, London.
The Valley of Vision. By the author of "The Christian Science of Life." Pp. 254. Price, 3s. 6d. 1913.
- FROM THE AUTHOR.
A Girl of No Importance. By Olivia Ramsey. Pp. 320. Price, 6s. 1913.
- BAKER, London.
The Foundations of St. Teresa. Translated by David Lewis. Revised by Very Rev. B. Zimmerman. Pp. lxxv, 489. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1913.
- BEAUCHESNE, Paris.
Immanence. By Joseph de Tonquédec. Pp. xv, 307. Price, 3.50 fr. 1913.
Louis-Etienne Rabussier, S.J. Pp. 367. Price, 2.50 fr. 1913.
Le bon Père Serres. By J. Thermes, S.J. Pp. viii, 443. Price, 4 fr. 1913.
- BENZIGER BROS., New York.
Their Choice. By H. D. Skinner. Pp. 180. Price, 3s. 3d. 1913.
The Mighty Friend. By Pierre l'Ermite. Translated by John Hannon. Pp. 619. 6s. net. 1913.
- BRETSCHNEIDER, Rome.
El Progreso en la Revelación Cristiana. By L. Murillo, S.J. Pp. 371. 1913.
- CARY AND CO., London.
Mass of St. Anthony for Four Voices. By A. Cary. Price, 1s. 6d. net.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.
Several Penny Pamphlets.
- J. M. DENT AND SONS, London.
The Mystic Way. By Evelyn Underhill. Pp. xi, 395. Price, 12s. 6d. net. 1913.
- ELKIN MATHEWS, London.
The Raised Rod and other Poems. By M. Bartleet. Pp. 62. Price, 1s. net (wrapper). 1913.
- EXAMINER PRESS, Bombay.
Galileo and his Condemnation. By E. R. Hull, S.J. Pp. 102. Price, 6 annas. 1913.
- GILL AND SON, Dublin.
St. Thomas of Aquin. By M. O'Kane, O.P. Pp. 30. Price, 1d. 1913.
- HERDER, London.
Compendium Theologiae Dogmaticae. By Chr. Pesch, S.J. Tom. I. Pp. xii, 304. Price, 5s. sewed; 6s. bound. 1913.
B. Petri Cavinii, S.J. Epistulae ad Acta. Vol. VI. 1567-1571. Collegit, etc. By Otto Braunsberger, S.J. Pp. lxxvi, 818. Price, 30s. sewed; 33s. bound. 1913.
Handbook to the New Testament; the Gospels: Jesus Christ. By A. Brassac. Pp. xvi, 596. Map. Price, 10s. 6d. net. 1913. *Minor Orders.* By Rev. Louis Bacuez, S.J. Pp. 380. Price, 5s. net. 1913.
The Church of Christ. By B. J. Otten, S.J. Pp. 155. Price, 6d. net. 1913.
- HUTCHINSON AND CO., London.
By the Blue River. By Isabel C. Clarke. Pp. 336. Price, 6s. 1913.
- KEGAN PAUL, London.
From Hussar to Priest. By H. P. Russell. Pp. 300. Price, 5s. net. 1913.
- LETHIELLEUX, Paris.
La Victime. By Chanoine Ed. Gibelin. Pp. v, 332. Price, 3.50 fr. 1913.
- LIBRERIA EDITRICE FIORENTINA, Florence.
De Scrupulis. By A. Gemelli, O.M. Pp. 360. Price, 5 lire. 1913.
- LONGMANS, London.
Bodily Health and Spiritual Vigour. By W. J. Lockington. Pp. x, 128. 2s. 6d. net. 1913.
Confessions of a Convert. By R. H. Benson. Pp. 164. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1913.
Celestial Fire. By R. White. Pp. xi, 131. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1913.
Books of Judges and Ruth. By G. A. Co. ke. Pp. xlii, 204; x, 22. Map. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1913.
Levia Pondera. By John Ayscough. Pp. viii, 371. Price, 5s. net. 1913.
- MCKAY, Philadelphia.
Madrigals. By T. A. Daly. Illustrated. Pp. 169. Price, \$1.00 net. 1912.
- STAATSBURGER-BIBLIOTHEK, M. Gladbach.
Der Christlich Soziale Staat der Jesuiten in Paraguay. Von Dr. Franz Schmidt. Pp. 60. Price, 40 pf. 1913.
- TEQUI, Paris.
La Vocation Ecclésiastique. By Abbé H. le Camus. Pp. 131. Price, 1 fr. 1913.
Defendons-nous. By Abbé C. Grimaud. Pp. 261. Price, 2 fr. 1913.
L'Eglise Catholique aux Premiers Siècles. By D. Vieillard-Lacharme. Pp. 376. Price, 3.50 fr. 1913.
Questions Théologiques et Canoniques. I. By P. Renaudin. Pp. 207. Price, 2 fr. 1913.
- WASHBOURNE, London.
The Graduated Catechism of Christian Doctrine and Prayer-Book for Infants and Juniors. Pp. 128. Price, 1d. 1913.
Confusion and Certainty in Faith and Practice. By J. L. Hewison. Pp. 20. Price, 2d. 1913.
The Way of the Heart. By Mgr. d'Hulst. Translated by W. H. Mitchell. Pp. 326. Price, 5s. net. 1913.
A White-handed Saint. By Olive K. Parr. Pp. 316. Price, 3s. 6d. 1913.

